PTEMBER 13 — 19, 1980

RS. 1.50

# EVE'S WEEKLY

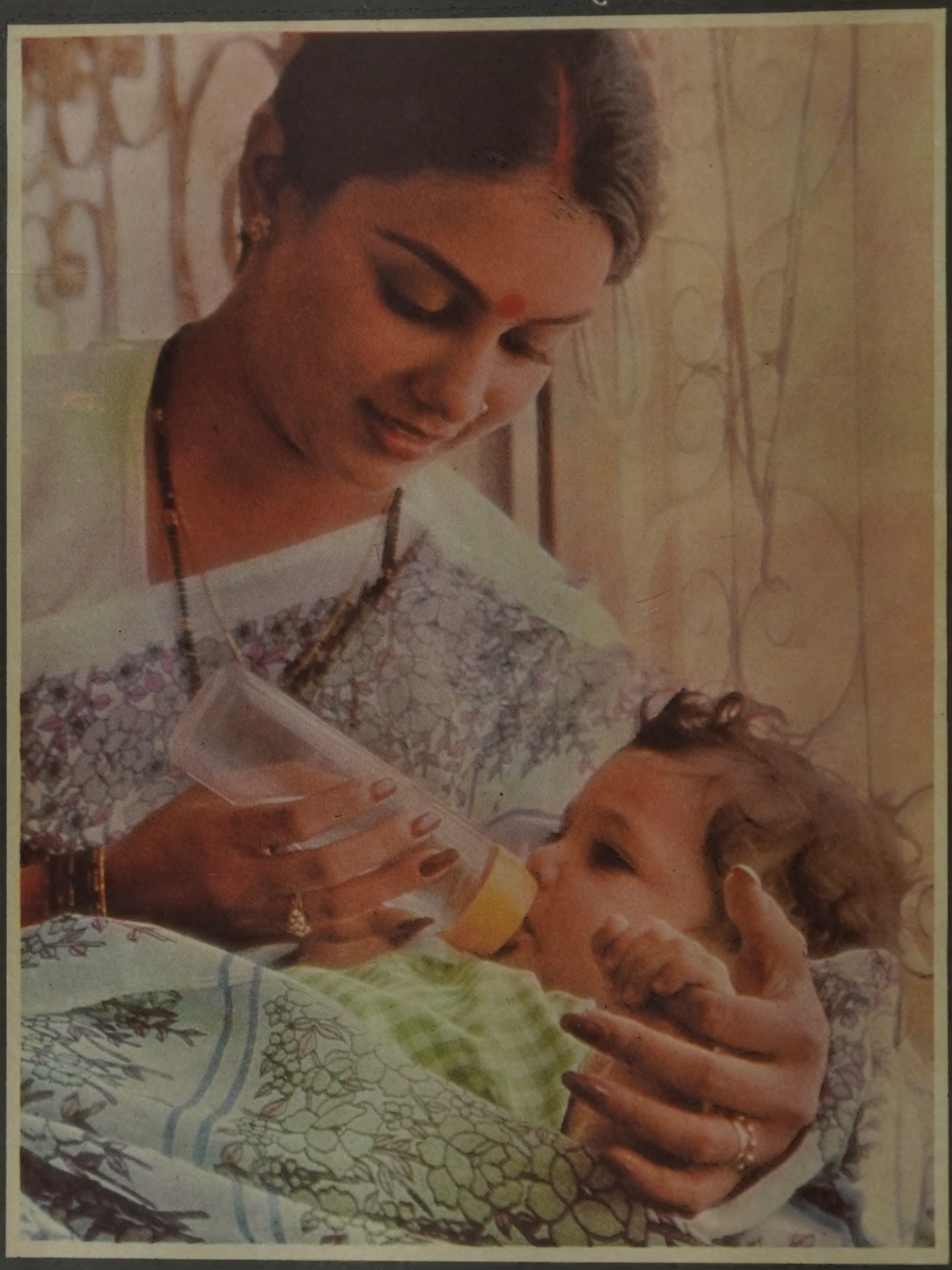
THE "KANYADAN": A LITERAL GIVING AWAY

THE AUCTION CAPITAL: CALCUTTA COMES ALIVE ON SUNDAYS

PILGRIMS' PROGRESS: A HOLIDAY GUIDE TO HOLY SPOTS

HAS SMALL - POX REALLY BEEN ERADICATED?

*Some of the most beautiful moments in a woman's life are shared by Khatau.*



*Terkosa Sarees from Khatau*

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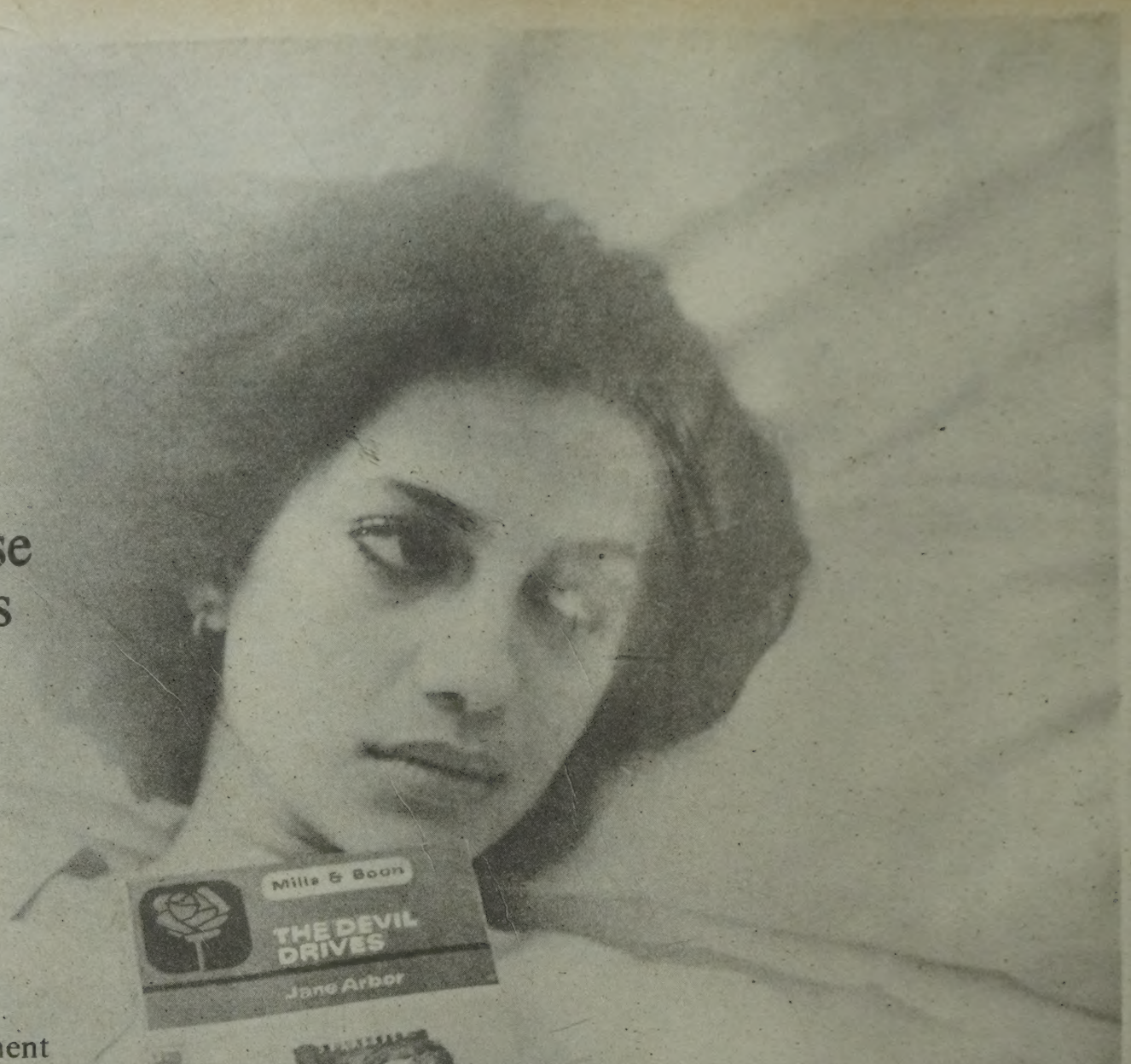
# Remember those tender moments

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Eve's Weekly

VOL. XXXIV NO. 37 BOMBAY SEPT. 13 — 19, 1980

Cover:
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Photograph : Taiyeb Badshah

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PRINTED AND PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS: EVE'S WEEKLY LTD., BY J. C. JAIN AT SANJ VARTAMAN PRESS, BOMBAY SAMACHAR MARG, FORT, BOMBAY 400 023.

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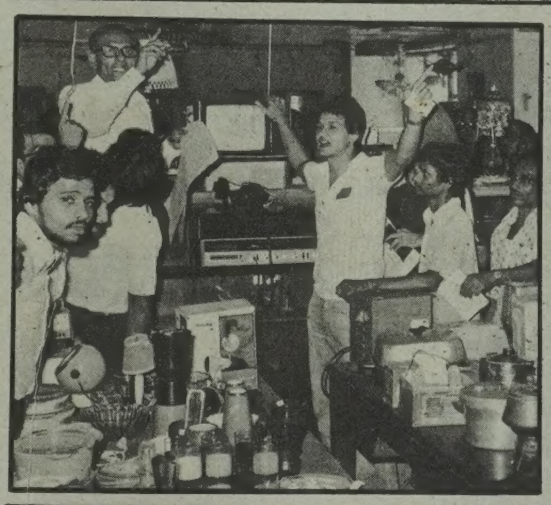
ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION
Inland Rs. 85.
Foreign Rs. 127 (Sea Mail)

# THIS WEEK

## WHEN IS A DAUGHTER NO LONGER A DAUGHTER?

The giving away of a daughter is an integral part of most wedding ceremonies. It marks the beginning of a change in the relationship between the daughter and her parents — subtle in the more modern families and carried to extreme absurdity in the more traditional ones. The question is: why must this hurtful change take place at all?
**Page 10.**



## THE BIDDING BUSINESS

Calcutta comes alive on Sundays, when its citizenry collects at the city's auction houses. Time was when remnants of the days of gracious living could be had for a song. Now, the wares have changed, but the atmosphere of excitement remains.
**Page 12.**

## PILGRIMS' PROGRESS

Festival-time is just round the corner and there are holidays coming up too.
A guide to holy spots around the country so that you can combine a holiday with a pilgrimage.
**Page 22.**

## THE SMALLPOX VISITATION

The World Health Organisation claims that smallpox has been eradicated. But for many people, official declarations of the eradication of a dread disease means little or nothing.
**Page 35.**

**ALSO**

Cut Out The Cackle: Tips on decreasing noise pollution — **Page 16** The Inimitable Sebastian : A tribute to a cook — **Page 39** Film Interview : Rati Agnihotri — **Page 19** A Story For Children — **Page 29** Woman in Focus : Shree Devi — **Page 17** Human Interest Story: A victim of a conspiracy — **Page 40**.

**REGULAR FEATURES**

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## When he is 3 months old, milk alone is not enough

# Your baby needs Farex

## Baby's ideal solid food

### 3 months—time for solid food

After 3 months, milk alone is not enough for Baby's growing needs. He is active and growing rapidly, and needs more calories than milk can provide. Your baby also needs a solid food that reduces his fluid intake and offers more calories in a concentrated form. At this time, your baby also needs to learn how to chew so that later he adapts better to "grown up" foods. And now his taste buds are also developing and it's time new flavours are introduced in his diet.

### 3 months—time for more iron

"The best time to start the baby on solids is when he is between 2-4 months old. Although milk is a good diet, it is not a complete food because it lacks iron. This is why he needs solids containing iron."

—Dr. Subhash C. Arya: "Infant & Childcare for the Indian Mother."

### Why do doctors recommend Farex?

Farex is a specially prepared weaning food, pre-cooked to suit your baby's tender digestion. It contains proteins for rapid growth; carbohydrates and fats for energy; calcium, phosphorus and vitamins for sturdy bones and strong teeth; and iron for healthy blood. Farex is, thus, the ideal solid food for Baby's all-round growth.

**Free!** Write in for your copy of Baby's first year booklet: a simple guide on Baby Care for new mothers, enclosing 50p. stamp for postage.

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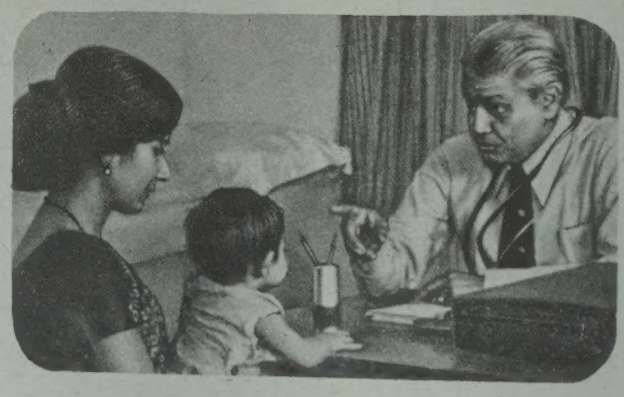

## Doctors recommend Farex
## Baby's ideal solid food for rapid all-round growth

CASGLF-10-254

# YOUR PAGE

Do you have something to say?
Then say it here. We pay Rs. 25, 15 and 10 for the three best letters.

1st PRIZE

## THE GRASS IS GREENER

From what one has heard and seen, housewives, who stay at home, have developed a feeling of being 'left out' while, according to them, the career woman enjoys all the privileges whereas theirs is the daily domestic grind, which is apt to become monotonous and tedious. There is no change of scene or opportunities to move with people, unless one goes out visiting, which cannot be often with a tired husband in the evenings. In such a situation, each woman reacts according to her temperament and character. The woman who is meek and mild, is easily satisfied and does not cause even a ripple whereas an active and versatile woman rebels at the enforced inactivity and makes life a hell for herself and for others also. As an idle brain is the devil's workshop, they give ear to any loose talk doing the rounds and create unpleasant scenes. Many labour under the misapprehension that their spouses spend their time dallying with the ladies. Imagine the plight of the husband returning home from work to a belligerent and irate wife. No wonder so many seek solace in the arms of another woman — not that it absolves them but in legal parlance. these constitute extenuating circumstances.

As this is a vital matter affecting her entire way of life In the future, why not allow the woman the right to choose — whether to be a career woman or a full-time housewife.

**MISS E. DHAMAYANTHY DEVASUNDARAM, Madras**

**Actually, we are not even sure whether it is the housewife who envies the working woman, or vice versa. Of course, there's nothing like a free choice but not many women have the opportunity or the encouragement to make such a choice. All we can say is that housewives who envy working women because they are having fun, are very, very foolish. . .**

2nd PRIZE

## THIS MIZ BIZ

"Your name is your own"' proclaim the woman's libbers. Today, it is considered as something derogatory to add to a woman's name the name of her husband, father or the family surname.

At least in. South India, as far as I know, this custom of adding to one's name, the name of one's father or husband is of recent origin. Our grandmothers were known simply by their own names. If a woman was named Lakshmi, she would be known among her family and friends as 'Lakshmi mami' (aunty) or 'Lakshmi patty' (granny), the appendage indicating her age or her relationship with others. With westernisation, it became fashionable to add one's husband's name to one's own and today the libbers once again want us to drop our surnames.

It is difficult to conceive how this helps women's liberation. I don't think that our grannies were more liberated than our mothers simply because they were called by their own names. Women will get truly liberated only when they have equal social and economic rights along with men. This cannot be achieved by substituting Ms. for Mrs./ Miss, or by refusing to be called by their surnames, (though every individual woman should have the right to do so if she so wishes). When we try to break conventions, we have to be careful not to create new conventions that would eventually tie us down with chains stronger than the ones that we have broken. So let us not waste our energies on such petty issues, but use them for winning bigger battles.

**MRS. SARASWATHY RAMAKRISHNAN, Madras**

**It really doesn't matter if you are Miss Lakshmi, Ms. Lakshmi Mrs. Lakshmi or just plain Lakshmi. A woman should have the right to decide her "nomenclature". At the same time, it should not be pushed down the throats of those who want nothing to do with modern-day handles. To each her own, we would say. . .**

3rd PRIZE

## COACHING THE CLEVER

Recently abounding in the city of Bombay and suburbs, are many coaching classes which are actually mushrooming. Such classes are widely advertised and a number of school/college students receive coaching there. Some of these tutorial classes are very well organised and expertly conducted. There is no doubt that they are a boon, particularly to students who need guidance and extra attention. What surprises one, however, is that when these well-established classes are contacted, the many seats still available are offered only to those students who can safely expect 80 per cent in the Board Exam (here I am referring to admission for Std. XI for Science stream).

I wonder, do those students who are so brilliant and can obtain 80 per cent marks and above in examinations, really need coaching? Because of this the really needy students have sometimes to go to substandard classes where they do not benefit much. Is it, then, a fad that coaching must be given to all — even the brilliant students? Or should all be given equal opportunity on first-come first-served basis?

**I. FERNANDES, Bombay**

**Sounds odd to us, and we are not sure if what you say is correct. But if it is so, it's all wonky. Mind you, by today's admission standards, you can never be too brilliant. A student who may 'normally" get 80 per cent will probably get 90 per cent with coaching — and still keep his fingers crossed for admission!**

## SHE IS QUITE CAPABLE. . .

Old world chivalry is dead. Why not? argue the men; women are no longer the frail helpless things they once were, now they are well able to do without a masculine protective wing. In any case they have asked for it, equal is as equal does. Though attitudes do change with the times, I am inclined to think that they have taken their argument to an absurd extreme. 'If a woman is in a tight spot, look the other way' appears to be today's code. 'It's not worth risking your neck for them; besides all you'll get out of it is a packet of trouble, so stay put — and safe!'

It has become fashionable not to get involved. Recently I have heard of several incidents, where a woman was in a tight corner, surrounded by men who just couldn't be bothered to help. On the contrary, they advised the woman to refrain from arguing or putting up a fight, in her own interest, of course! Surely, this is adding insult to injury.

**DAPHNE KHAN, Hyderabad**

**It's a combination of many things. Of course, men are scornful about women's fight for equality and wish to see the fun when it comes to purely physical matters. However, there are other factors — among them the hassles created by the police for the brave-innocent who dares to get involved in a brawl or a hit-and-run or an eve-teasing or whatever. We are sure many people would like to help, were it not for the complications ensuing.**

# When your hair is natural, should your shampoo be synthetic?

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# READERS' VOICE

Most articles raise a question, a comment or at least a criticism. Write them down and mail them to us!

### MORE REAL HUMOUR

Humour lends grace to any magazine. Your July 19 issue carried two fine humorous pieces: "A Bride for Uncle Sudhir", a story by Veena Sudhir, and "Bringing Up Daughter", by George T. Fegradoe. Please keep up this practice. The jokes, however, were substandard. I know how hard it is to furnish jokes issue after issue, but still there should not be any compromise on quality.

**A. V. RANGANATH,** Mysore.

### BACK TO SQUARE ONE

So, the wheel turns and values change, the old becomes the new and the new obsolete. After more than a decade of the widest exposure to baby milk powders, we are now back to square one.

And now, after having happily opted for baby foods instead of adulterated cows' milk and equally undependable dairy milk for those infants whose mothers had no breast milk, Usha Desai's article "Back to Breast Feeding" (July 26) is rather unsettling.

Let's put the clock back and start breast-feeding, by all means, but what can milkless mothers do? Faced with the **doodhwallahs'** brazenly adulterated milk and dairy corporations' 'pasteurised' milk appearing in bottles with insects and mud floating in them, the least that a milkless mother can do is to turn to milk powder.

However, I agree with Usha Desai's suggestion that a statutory warning should be printed on milk powder tins to ensure that only infants deprived of mother's milk should be given powdered milk.

**SARVANA, Bangalore.**

### CLARIFICATION

Jaya Ramanathan, in her article, "What Ails the Indian Toy Industry?" (July 26), has inadvertently given a wrong impression of the attitude of the Consumer Guidance Society of India towards toy safety.

The CGSI does not merely "understand that the ISI has formulated a code of safety standards for toys." It is represented on the sectional committee set up for the purpose. So far it has only been able to educate consumers about the need for vigilance in buying toys and to press for safety standards. Now that it is in a position to help in formulating standards for toys it would welcome reports from mothers and teachers about hazards in toys observed by them. We invite readers to write to us giving details of the hazardous toys, brand names, names and addresses of manufacturers, approximate price and date of purchase, wherever possible.

**KRISHNA BASRUR,** Bombay.

### TOY LIBRARY

In your issue of July 26, I read with interest the parents' views on toys.

I started a toy library in August of the International Year of the Child. I am a woman of fifty-three plagued with poor health, failing eyesight and growing deafness. I find solace in lending toys to children belonging to the labour class, amongst whom I have been staying for many years. These poor children have no toys but marbles. My well-to-do friends and the Stree Sakhee Mandal of Bangalore donated second-hand toys. I keep the library open only on Saturdays and Sundays. During the summer holidays, I keep it open every day for two hours in the mornings and two hours in the evenings. As toys have short lives, I have to replenish them from time to time. Though it is a non-profit venture, it is really a joy for me to see the children happy.

**SHANTA BORGAONKAR,** Bangalore.

# NEXT WEEK

**ISSUE OF SEPT. 20**

### COPING WITH MASECTOMY

Perhaps even more than hysterectomy, masectomy (the surgical removal of one or both breasts) is generally a traumatic experience in the life of a woman. But proper understanding of the process can make the change easier to cope with.

### THE CHIPKO MOVEMENT

It's a women's movement with a difference. Realizing the importance of forests to their livelihood — even survival — women of the Himalayan foothills launched a dramatic movement that demonstrated their determination to preserve the forests around them. An account of their struggle.

### A NEW SERIALIZATION

A new Mills and Boon novel, "Price to be Met", by Jessica Steele, will be serialized starting next week.

Plus all our regular features.

# once a girl is "married off"

**Alpana Chowdhury**

Most Indian weddings have a cloud of sorrow that is felt mainly by the girl's parents. The wedding marks the break of a relattionship (or at least a significant change) that has been nurtured for about two decades. Henceforth the parents can lay no legitimate claim on her — her in-laws (till now total strangers) will have the greater say in her affairs. In a Hindu wedding you even have a "kanyadaan" ceremony that marks the giving away of the daughter, handing over charge to someone else.

In fact, as soon as a daughter is born parents are resigned to the idea that she is only a temporary guest, a guest who must, nevertheless, be brought up with love and care and taught all the virtues that will make her into a perfect wife some day. However, despite her virtues, her husband and his family will have to be liberally bribed into accepting her and treating her well. Perhaps, this is one of the reasons why the birth of a daughter in traditional circles is not exactly welcomed with the blowing of trumpets.

Other religions like the Muslims and Christians have also down the ages become influenced by some of these Hindu practices so that by and large most Indian parent-daughter relationships are characterised by a certain strain and formality, after a daughter is married. In extreme cases this element of formality is more exaggerated and assumes ludicrous proportions.

Mrs. Chowdhury is not an epitome of tradition — but even she suffers from a complex that such customs necessarily create. When visiting her daughters she is not quite her usual self. There is an element of restraint because she is in her son-in-law's house (not her daughter's). It would be valid to contrast her attitude with that of the boys' parents who visit their sons as if it were their birthright and do not take into consideration the daughter-in-law's convenience or inconvenience.

Mrs. Chowdhury is, however, not an extreme example of her kind. Though she is a little formal when visiting her daughters, she does visit them often and is very popular with her sons-in-law.

There are cases of a far more extreme nature — of parents who, though they might visit their daughters, will not drink a drop of water in their house. It is said by some, that if parents accept anything at a daughter's house ruin will descend upon them. Whenever Neelima's maternal grandmother visits them, they have to borrow water from their neighbour's house. If she does drink water in their house she pays money for it! This shows the absurd lengths to which tradition can be carried.

Ranjit, hailing from Calcutta, spoke of the custom in his family where the girl's parents don't visit her till the first child is born. Reason? He didn't know. "It's just a custom that has come down the ages and we follow it."

It is surprising that even girls of this generation don't make an effort to do away with these humiliating practices. Anita is a post-graduate in English literature and has been a lecturer for several years. Recently she got married to an engineer — the background is therefore highly educated. Yet meaningless and outdated customs play a significant role in their lives. When Anita's mother visits her, she refrains from eating or drinking anything. Instead of persuading her mother to give up these habits Anita herself accepts them with a certain amount of smugness that arises out of pride in following her old customs.

Such customs can often assume cruel proportions. Ranjeeta is the only daughter of her widowed mother. She lives with her in-laws and her mother-in-law does not approve of her mother visiting her, even though the latter follows tradition and refuses to even drink water. The mother-in-law has bluntly asked the mother to have "some sense of decency and not be so shameless as to visit your daughter so often."

Fortunately, such case-histories are rare these days, and seem to be surviving mainly among the business communities to whom only mercenary considerations matter. Even in personal relationships their element of "give and take" is not entirely absent. Therefore, when a daughter enters another home her parents do not want to suffer from any sense of obligation towards her in-laws.

In the olden days when a girl stayed with her husband's family, it was understandable why her parents took certain precautions to ensure her happiness. They did not want her to become the target of taunts and snide remarks. In those days in-laws had sole proprietry rights over a daughter-in-law, so even if she had to visit her family an elder brother would have to come armed with a box of sweets and plead permission to take her away for a specified number of days.

Today, when social patterns have changed, there is no reason for the girl's parents to be so wary, but one finds that the feudal element of possession and barter continues to colour many an Indian girl's life at every stage. She first belongs to her parents who nurture her from birth until the final give-away. Then her husband takes over and she belongs to him.

It is heartening, however, to find that such beliefs are gradually become obsolete. I found it difficult in a cosmopolitan city like Bombay to find girls who follow these customs. Most of them have a very close relationship with their parents — in fact the bond is stronger after marriage. Of course, there is a change in the relationship, but it is more a change of shade than of basic colour.

Many of the girls like Lola and Aparna, for instance, find that they are much closer to their parents now. Lola says, "It's only when you leave your parents that you realise their full worth. When you are with them you tend to take them for granted. I stay with my in-laws and this makes me more aware of how good my parents have been. Both mother and mother-in-law claim I am their daughter, but there is a vast difference between them. Both my parents and I are much more tolerant towards each other now. I find that I can overlook their shortcomings because they seem so trivial now. They also pamper me."

Aparna, too, finds that her mother is far more understanding after she got married. "The reason perhaps, is that she now

**The "kanyadaan" ceremony which marks the giving away of the daughter, handing over charge to someone else.**

feels she can relax her sense of responsibility towards me. It has been transferred to my husband. Previously, she used to be very strict and protective so that I didn't go astray. Whereas earlier, late night parties, etc. were taboo, she accepts them now as normal and natural. The status of being married is a shield against loose morals, wagging tongues, roving eyes, etc."

This is one area where parents' attitude towards daughters differs from their attitude towards their sons. A girl's reputation must not get sullied, but it is not that important where a boy is concerned. His transgressions may be forgiven by society, not hers. The tension therefore eases after a daughter has been married off and, as in Lola's and Aparna's case, a much closer relationship develops between a married daughter and her parents. Both are in a better position to understand each other's point of view. Having a husband and family of her own, the daughter can appreciate some of the problems her parents faced in bringing her up.

The viewpoints of two generations come closer, the gap reduces. With the birth of children the bond becomes stronger. Differences, if any, are forgotten and the mother's concern for her daughter increases. As grandparents they feel less awkward visiting their daughters than they did as parents.

Most couples these days, stay on their own without the boy's family around. There is less tension, greater freedom. Fewer norms have to be followed and very often this brings about a very intimate relationship between the son-in-law and the girl's parents.

Of course, when there is a question of divided loyalties, the girl is expected (even by her parents) to give priority to her in-laws. While Mrs. Sen gets offended and hurt if her daughter Reena (who stays alone with her husband) doesn't visit every few days, she excuses her other daughter Meena's absence because the latter stays with her in-laws. Should there be a clash of functions in the two houses, Mrs. Sen would expect Meena to be present at the one at her in-laws' place.

This relinquishing of rights over a daughter is to be found in various degrees in most parent-daughter relationships. In fact, the conditioning is so great that even Marxists (who are totally against the idea of possession) are not always free from its influence. Jyotsna, who believes in Marxism, works in a newspaper office that is near her mother's house. Her mother used to send her unch every day. After she married, Jyotsna felt uneasy about it. "Jyotsna would protest and say that since she was married now, I shouldn't send her lunch," her mother said.

Hardly any reason for her to feel awkward, but because we equate marriage with change and a shift in property rights even the most liberal thinkers feel a little uncomfortable and start behaving differently. Though in the case of a son there is no such change. A boy, in fact, is not supposed to change after marriage, and if he does, it is looked upon with disapproval and the daughter-in-law is accused of practising her charms on him to draw him away from his people.

One of the reasons for this metamorphosis in the case of a daughter is that most Indian girls are financially dependent first on their parents and after marriage on their husbands and in-laws. This leads to certain adjustments and alterations. But nowadays more and more girls are becoming financially independent, so the change after marriage is not so marked. In certain cases like Aparna's and Parveen's there is almost no change at all.

Says Aparna, "Though I was working, my father would occasionally give me taxi fare and things like that before marriage. And even now when he offers it I take it because if I refuse I know that he'll feel hurt. I don't want him to ever feel that because of marriage, his daughter is not the same. My mother, however, admonishes him for doing these things because she feels my husband might feel awkward. My husband did feel a little odd in the beginning, but he never interfered as he realized this is an area of understanding between father and daughter."

**The wedding of a daughter often marks the break of a relationship between her and her parents, for tradition demands that henceforth the girl "belongs" to her husband and in-laws, and her parents are mere guests in their son-in-law's house**

Parveen, a Muslim girl from Aligarh, now living in Bombay with her husband, shares a similar relationship with her parents. Though among traditional Muslims, if the in-laws and parents live in the same city, the girl is expected to first go to the in-laws' house before she proceeds to her parents, Parveen stays with her parents and visits her in-laws occasionally. I asked her if there had been any change immediately after her marriage, and how she felt when she first visited her parents.

"In fact," she said, "my parents expected me to be the same, unchanged; and I took care to not behave otherwise. For instance, I remembered to do small things like making my father's bed-tea and taking his permission before going out. I had noticed that my parents used to feel hurt and angry when my elder sisters stopped doing these things after they got married. My father, too, treats me in the same way as he used to earlier. I used to manage the finances of the house before I got married, and even now when I go home my father expects me to take over. I discuss my personal problems with my parents, both financial and domestic. There is absolutely no change in our relationship, except perhaps that parents tend to become more touchy after you are married."

This is common in many a parent-daughter relationship after marriage. Small offences before marriage do not hurt their sensibilities as they do after marriage. After a daughter's marriage parents tend to misinterpret them as indications that their daughter has changed and moved away from them. The reason behind this heightened sensitivity is the idea that the daughter is someone else's.

The belief that a girl must always belong to someone is not quite absent even in the most liberal minds. If she could be regarded as an individual and her marriage as an extension of her individuality, the changes that marriage brings about would be regarded as part of the changes that take place in life in general. Hypersensitivity, either way, regarding it would be considerably diminished. Marriage would not be regarded as the ultimate in a girl's life towards which all pre-marriage years lead, and the cause of all the changes in the post-marriage years. Its role in a girl's life would not be given undue importance, but treated as one of the many significant happenings in her life.

# CALCUTTA'S BIDDING BUSINESS

**VICTORIAN LOVE SEATS AND CRYSTAL CHANDELIERS ARE AMONG THE HUNDREDS OF OBJETS D'ART THAT CHANGE HANDS ON A SUNDAY MORNING IN THE CITY'S AUCTION HOUSES**

**Amita Sarwal**

Three thousand five hundred one, three thousand five hundred two, three thousand five hundred, three!" And the hammer came down with a bang to seal the deal for the crystal chandelier.

A murmur of appreciation rose as all heads turned in the direction of the lucky bidder. A member of the auction house collected the minimum deposit of 25 per cent of the price and the auctioneer went on to the next item — a Victorian love seat.

These are two of the hundreds of things that change hands on a Sunday morning in the half a dozen auction houses of Calcutta. They line the famed Park Street and its off-shoots Free School Street and Russel Street, and can be counted off on one's finger tips from one end—Chowringhee Sales Bureau, Victor Bros., Staynor & Co., Modern Exchange, Russel Exchange, Dalhousie Exchange and Suman Exchange.

A phenomenon exclusive to Calcutta, possibly a heritage of the British empire, the first auction house started over a hundred years ago. It was Mackenzie Lyall and did roaring business till it closed down after partition. Since then, "they've come up like mushrooms," says Mr. Majed of Russel Exchange.

On Park Street are situated Victor Bros. and Chowringhee Sales Bureau, practically facing each other. Mr. Mehra of Victor Bros. was one of the pioneers of this trade. But today, after his death, his shop, which is a collector's delight, shows signs of neglect. Mrs. Mehra and her sons were not at all willing to talk of either the business as it was, or as it is. Auctions are rarely, if ever, held there any more.

On the other side of the street, the Chowringhee Sales Bureau is one of the earliest Indian auctioneers. The show room is a pleasant contrast to the previous one and proves that auction houses are still a thriving business. Covering an area of over 4,000 sq. feet, and filled with items as diverse as a Satsuma vase, furniture and even hair rollers, they house the largest selection of attractive items for sale. An array of neatly displayed articles meets the eye. A few people walk around leisurely, looking for what might be of interest to them on the coming Sunday.

The director is a refreshing change from the usual not-so-young owners of the other houses.

Rakesh Casyab at 27 is the youngest auctioneer in the city. He was also my chief informant. For he not only told me all there is to know about his trade but also introduced me to many others involved in it.

"This," he indicated with a flourish of his arm, "was practically thrust upon me. My grandfather died in 1974 and the vacuum had to be filled. I resented being tied to what it was then — a dying concern — especially after the carefree existence I'd led as a collegiate in Bombay. But my motto has always been that whatever I do, even if it's sweeping floors, I'll do it well. And I can proudly say that I've brought CSB back on the auction map of this city."

On the other hand, Mr. Majed and Mr. Lalji of Russel Exchange started their business in 1940. These partners have "lived through" a tremendous change in the pattern of auctioneering. "Till 1960 there was a sizeable population of foreigners, especially Britishers and Americans, in this city. They bought and sold 90 per cent of the goods — mainly foreign ones. The remaining 10

**ABOVE: Mr. Majed of Russel Exchange.**

**RIGHT: Rakesh Casyab (centre) gets the highest bid for a T.V. set at Chowringhee Sales Bureau.**

per cent went to the Bengalis and Marwaris. The latter were mostly buyers at that time as they considered it derogatory to sell their things," said Mr. Majed. "The foreign element has nearly disappeared. Upper and middle class Bengalis and Marwaris are the main bulk of our buyers now. And they also sell today. It is no longer an unheard of thing."

Rakesh then took over. "Our business depends upon people who come under the following categories:

Private persons bringing in stuff.

Dealers — those who buy as well as sell.

Auction houses — but we very rarely buy or sell.

"The private person may be further divided into (a) the foreigner — usually the one returning to his country after a stint here. He realizes that back home most of his stuff would be outdated and he might even have to pay the junk man to remove his things. On the other hand, the Indian is only too willing to pay a price for what the foreigner has to sell — all the 'phoren' things. The foreigner isn't too sticky about the price. They don't even expect a reserve price — the minimum amount the seller wants for his item. The Indian always sets such a price. Usually, our evaluation is less than what they want, and as per our conditions, we can sell the item upto about 10 to 15 per cent less than their expectation. If they are lucky, of course, they may get much more.

"We charge them a 10 per cent commission, plus 1 per cent for advertising and display, on their sale price. In case they want us to keep the item longer, if it hasn't been sold, we then charge them a negligible amount," he said.

About this, Mr. Lalji said, "We exist on the commission we keep. If an item doesn't sell, we keep it on for a second week. But we like owners to renew their instructions weekly. We also evaluate and give an idea of what the item's worth. Those sellers who trust us and our judgement, leave the selling to us. Our incentive is also there to get them a good price because then naturally our commission is more."

"Next," Rakesh continued, "come the dealers. They are the pillars of the auction houses. They are the go-betweens us and the buyers, we charge them an average of 12 per cent commission, but in certain cases it even goes up to 17 per cent. A dealer also ensures that our stuff gets sold. If private persons are not interested, the dealer usually purchases it. I'll let the dealers themselves tell you why," he offers.

But Mr. Majed did not agree. "The dealers aren't the pillars of our auction. The Bengalis and the Marwaris are. Admittedly, the dealers do play an important part. Suppose a party sends us 15 items, ten of them good, five bad, the dealer buys the bad ones. But we are not dependent upon them to stock our place. We have built our goodwill over the years and so people come to us."

"And thirdly, we, the auction houses," my young informant continued, "only carry out transactions when the dealer may not be supplying us well or when we are under stocked; but, touch wood, this is very rarely the case. Instead, we are hounded by them and I think that in itself speaks of a clean reputation and fair dealing."

"Do auctioneers have their own bidders?"

"No, there is no need for internal bidding," said the owners of Russel Exchange.

This was true also of CSB. Rakesh put it this way, "I too will say 'No' to internal bidding. We employ a different method. It's more modern and tactful. We usually sell to a buyer's advantage. My sellers say I get them better prices. Our maxim is: if you're selling, you get a damn good price here. If you're buying, you get a fair deal.

"Items that are not sold in the auctions at the reserve price are open to offers. We try to give the general public something new and exciting every Sunday and cater to all strata of society. It's terribly exciting to watch people fighting over pots and pans and cut-glass vases."

According to him, the auction houses do very good business during winter because the climate is conducive to hours of standing in over-crowded halls. The lean periods are the summer months. "Bad," he explained, "because of the hot and humid weather, people being out of town for summer vacations, then the monsoons, made worse by load shedding. The temporary effect of a new budget, and finally, orthodox beliefs about not purchasing goods during certain months of the year."

Mr. Lalji agreed. "Yes, winters are a bit better. But we look at it this way, people who are in trouble sell, and when things go well, they buy. This carries on throughout the year."

Most of the auction houses deal in "anything and everything" — from the latest in musical equipment to household items to objets d' art, clothes and even doll's house furniture!

This large range of goods Rakesh attributes to "a shift in values, monetary levels, social changes and the needs of a generation in transition. The supply always corresponds to the demand. Anything and everything sells. We employ three auctioneers specialized in recognizing the value of an item so as to ensure a sale at the best possible price. A gift of the gab is also an asset."

The quality of goods, they all agree, has gone down tremen-

## INDIA'S "PETTICOAT LANE"

Russel Exchange has the prerogative of being the only auction house in the city holding clothes auctions. This is held every Thursday morning at which hundreds of wearing apparel and accessories change hands.

Mr. Majed explained that they don't take any reserve price on the clothes — and at times the buyers pick up real bargains. Of course, previously the sales were more popular on account of the imported items available. Now, it's mostly Indian goods. One of the biggest buyers at these Thursday auctions is Mrs. Audrey Franklin.

"I've always wanted to be my own mistress, so never did consider doing an office job. There was a friend dealing in second hand garments who left India; so I started in 1955. In the beginning I would sell clothes of my friends and relatives. When I found I was successful I decided to do it in a big way.

"I've been a regular customer at Russel's for over 30 years now. Between 1960-1965 my business was really good. Then came the slump as a lot of our community migrated to U.K. and Australia. It affected my business badly, so much so that for a couple of years I had to cut down

**Mrs. Audrey Franklin, one of the biggest buyers.**

on my buying — as I got no buyers! To help myself get over this lean period, I started designing and tailoring dresses — especially wedding gowns." To illustrate this, she brought out a newspaper cutting which showed a bride and Mrs. Franklin was given the credit for designing the beautiful dress.

"Slowly," she continued, "I started getting Bengali clients and now I really have built up a large clientele.

"I try and pick up selected articles, whereas the dealer buys everything that doesn't sell. His outlet is different — it's the old clothes shop at Mullick Bazar.

"My method of operating is Wednesday mornings I spend at the Exchange examining the items. On the auction day I am there for 2-3 hours bidding on my own. Over the years I've learnt the art of bidding and consider myself quite at par with the regular dealers," she smiled.

When she returns home Audrey first gets down to repairing and mending the clothes. Then they are laundered and very neatly stacked away in the various almirahs lining her rooms. Many a time she's picked up a garment for its material value. "It may be totally out of fashion, but then I cut it up and redesign it to what's in vogue.

"Sometimes I get deceived as well," she admitted. "So the buy is a dead loss to me. But I have a way out so that I'm not a total loser. When I find certain items don't move, I go back with them to the auctions and resell them. At time I've been lucky. Having been repaired and washed, the garments fetch a better price than I had originally paid for them."

To prove that her kind of work can be a career, Mrs. Franklin revealed that she is a registered buyer and pays taxes to the government like any business man.

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## CALCUTTA'S BIDDING BUSINESS

dously. "The buyer today," Mr. Majed said, "has really not seen the good things, so he doesn't miss them. We are an import starved country, so the demand is always there for foreign things. Period furniture—in the old days the demand was for the real stuff. Today originals are rarely available, or the price is fantastic, so people make do with the second best copies of the originals."

About a 100 to 200 people visit the more popular houses every Sunday. Most auctioneers start at 10 a.m. and continue till 4 p.m. The maximum crowd is around noon, and that's when the choicest articles are put up. Of the crowd, only about 35 per cent are genuine buyers. The items put up for sale may number 300 to 400.

The "regulars" are mainly the dealers, and a certain set of people for a certain time. Once they are satisfied they go.

Auctions are also held at private homes. These have a maximum turnover, especially if it's a foreigner's home stacked with imported goods. Auctions at homes also fetch a better price. Mr. Lalji explained this thus. "People willingly pay more there because they think the stuff is genuine, whereas at auction houses there may be dealer's articles as well which could have been re-done with local parts."

The fastest selling item is anything foreign. Next is the new, cheap, durable furniture.

The supply of genuine objets d'art is drying up and when an odd piece comes, it gets sold fast.

"These items appreciate in time," said Rakesh and went on to speak of valuation. "Everything has its own valuation worked out on the scarcity of a product relative to another item. Of course, the valuation can never compare with the world market." Being government recognized valuers, they also offer their services in valuing movable and immovable assets at current market prices.

"The only thing that hurts is when we don't get a single word of appreciation from either the buyers or the sellers. It is usually a thankless job although we do our utmost to satisfy both parties. Our ego is involved more than anything else. Today, we have a good, clean reputation. And the result shows itself. We have conducted upto three auctions a day simultaneously at different places. For this a lot of credit goes to my staff. It's team work that counts. What I have learnt is through experience and my interest in the business. I have also visited Sotheby's in London, but haven't learnt anything new from them."

Rakesh then related an amusing incident when he visited Sotheby's, "I had just £1 in my pocket, and for the fun of it, I bid for a Picasso scribble. I went up to £7,800 and nearly died when the hammer went down twice, but I was saved in the nick of time by another bidder who offered £8,000. It was a near thing. I swore never to fool around like this again."

A common hazard the houses face is shop lifting, but it is negligible — about a thousand rupees worth of goods, every year. Mr. Majed said that when it's a very expensive item they put in a claim with the insurance company, "but basically I would say Indians are an honest race."

He finally attribues the popularity of auctions to "the element of competition and the gambling instinct which is prevalent among all of us."

Thereafter I met the various people who make auctions possible. Mr. Tiwari, chief auctioneer at CBS, said, "This is possibly the most interesting and knowledgeable job which keeps us on our feet and up to date with all types of goods — and people. We employ a lot of humour, salesmanship and fun and games at our auctions, which work wonders in selling our items."

Mr. Dey, an auctioneer, has been with his establishment since 1938. "I was with Mackenzie Lyall, the biggest British auction house of its time, and picked up my expertise there," said this old-timer who still sports a shirt and tie to work, remnants of his dress of the British Raj.

Dealing with furniture mainly, he used to get period furniture previously, but that is becoming scarce. According to him today's generation wants inexpensive, utility items.

The change he's noticed over the years is the improvement in display and manner of holding auctions. Things are done in a more systematic and organized, and also in a more friendly way.

He recalled, "During the present owner's grandfather's time we had more pomp and show — especially among the clients. We had a special gallery (which is today part of the office) where Maharajas would come and sit. They had their individual brokers, and from up there, would indicate the items of their choice and leave it to the broker to purchase them."

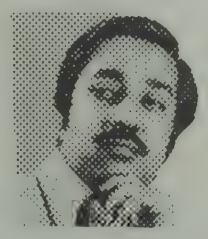
57-year-old Hari Bhai started on his career 15 years ago, by visiting Anglo-Indian houses. "I would buy things from them, clean, polish and mend and resell them at auction houses.

"Today, I specialize in fancy articles like cut-glass, broken period furniture, objets d'art, etc. For this, I visit, first and foremost, the various auction houses, then the Chor Bazar at Mullick Bazar, Chakerberia Dealers Corner, and even homes of zamindars. Then I spruce them up and resell them."

Good auction houses extend credit facilities to him.

Hari Bhai also acts as a broker and gets 5 per cent from the buyer. "The authentic ones don't waste their time at the auctions," he said authoritatively. "They come a couple of days earlier, view the items, select what they want and leave the purchasing to us. They trust us to get the things at a reasonable price. Here, honesty is what eventually makes for the 'life' of a broker. As soon as any of us is found dishonest, we are blacklisted." Of the present lot of buyers he said, "They are mostly the new rich. The old timers wanted antiques. Today they want electrical gadgets. But I still find my market."

Biswas and Mondal are petty dealers-cum-manufacturers. They started their life as labourers and helpers in furniture shops and picked up the trade. Now, two decades later, they manufacture their own furniture and sell it through auction houses. "We prefer this outlet rather than furniture shops because we get credit and an advance. Even though we pay a commission, we still end up with a better bargain. Besides, our turnover is the fastest here."

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# PASSING THROUGH

HAZEL ANGUS

## TEACHING THE DEAF

Mrs. Hazel Angus, an Educational Administrator in Deaf Education, from Australia, visited the Education Audiology and Research Society for Deaf Children in Bombay. Mrs. Angus is Deputy Principal of the Visiting Teacher Services for Deaf Children in Victoria, Australia. This service started in 1951 with two teachers. Today 850 deaf children are being maintained in normal schools with the assistance of 60 visiting teachers.

Mrs. Angus commenced her teaching career at St. Mary's Training College in Poona in 1943. She taught at both the Cathedral High School and Queen Mary School before leaving Bombay to accompany her husband to Scotland. There she studied and qualified further, and taught in primary schools. In 1961 she and her family emigrated to Australia. She specialised and qualified as a teacher of the deaf, and worked as a classroom teacher in schools for the deaf. During the last seven years she has been Deputy Principal in schools for the deaf.

Mrs. Angus expressed her delight and appreciation at the opportunity of meeting professionals in the field here, and discussing and comparing methods of deaf education, auditory assessment and equipment, Integration. Parent Education, etc., in Bombay and Victoria.

"I am most impressed by the quality of teaching and the dedication of the teachers here," she said. "The language teaching, auditory training and speech teaching are of a very high standard. We in Australia are fortunate in having true binaural post auricular hearing aids for our deaf children. And now Radio-frequency aids are being introduced into the schools. These Radio-frequency aids are expensive, but the exceptional results obtained from using them justify such expense, and the Australian government is giving the deaf minority groups a high priority in this area.

"I feel that the very good work being done here could be further enhanced if the curricula could be extended generally for certain classes of children. This should reflect subjects and curricular being followed by hearing children in the normal schools. This enrichment would greatly benefit the integration of selected deaf children who could cope in a normal school with a Visiting Teacher Service i.e. assistance from trained teachers of the deaf on a peripatetic basis."

This integration has already commenced in some measure. The Robert Money School, Queen Mary School and the Tinker Bell School have already absorbed some of the Society's deaf children.

**Mani Bharucha**

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# CUT OUT THE CACKLE!

### Some suggestions the authorities can implement for combating the increasing noise pollution and its consequent ill effects

1. Extension of the silence zone all over the city.

2. Action against offenders — especially those who create noise near hospitals.

3. Appointing traffic safety volunteers.

4. Persuading truck and car manufactures, associations, driving schools, B.E.S.T. drivers, to join in creating the minimum noise.

5. Warning against the use of loud speakers too loudly and educating police officials.

6. Checking noisy areas.

7. Informing the public about the ill effects of noise through all media of publicity.

8. Enacting new laws if necessary.

9. Preventing the manufacture of loud crackers.

10. Asking the R.T.O. to give a strict test about sounding horns at the time of issuing a driving licence.

11. Enforcing silence zones near hospitals and taking action against erring drivers.

12. Warning people arranging public functions when they come or police licences.

13. Finding out simple ways and means of reducing noise in buildings and factories.

14. Encouraging people to take out silent and peaceful demonstrations.

Here are a few things one can do as a vehicle owner, a driver or as member of an association.

1. Pamphlets, leaflets and stickers should be printed and pasted on all trucks, luxury coaches, B.E.S.T., and S.T. buses, taxis, tempos, scooters and auto-rickshaws.

2. Drivers of trucks and luxury buses which enter the city from outside must be given these leaflets in Indian languages at the octroi post.

3. People must be taught how to report those who blow the horns too loudly.

4. People's squads must be trained by giving them an orientation course of a day or two to report offenders to the police.

5. All Rotarians, Lions, Jaycees, the I.M.C., private firms etc. should be requested to print instructions in their journals.

6. An art competition should be held to give ideas for posters.

7. Painting competitions should be held for school children.

8. Special talks with slides, data and tape-recorded sounds should be prepared.

9. The heads of all religious institutions like temples and gurdwaras should be sent the literature, with the request to instruct their followers on the evils of noise.

10. Manufacturers of horns, loudspeakers and crackers must be forced by law not to make them too noisy.

11. Whenever organisers come to the police for permission for loudspeakers, they must be told the rules, given the leaflets and informed about possible punishment.

12. Leaders of all political parties must be sent these leaflets.

13. Other organisations too should be requested to print these leaflets.

14. Police officials and R.T.O.s, all over India must be told about the harmful effects of noise on human health.

15. All leaders in motor cars, buses, trucks must be asked to give these leaflets to their clients.

16. Of course, concurrently people must be taught to walk properly on pavements.

17. Anti-loud cracker campaigns during Diwali should be started right now.

**Manohar B. Kher**

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**The Indian Cancer Society is pleased to announce that Mr. Gulab Mirchandani, a cured cancer patient, has recently opened his own stall, selling aerated beverages, at Worli, Bombay. This is the first time, says ICS, that the Bombay Municipal Corporation has granted a kiosk licence to a physically handicapped person.**

# WOMEN IN FOCUS

SHREE DEVI

# "SHOOTING" WILDLIFE

**Dilip Patel**

Much before she was born, and sophisticated 'Canons' and 'Nikons' were assembled, her royal forefathers were shooting wildlife. She too shoots, but uses cameras instead of guns, another family tradition, for Shree Devi's father and brother are both distinguished wildlife photographers and FRPS's (Fellow of the Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain) — the top ranking photographic society in the world.

Last year at the age of 18 Shree Devi became the first, and so far only, woman ARPS (Associate of the Royal Photographic Society) in India, and the youngest to achieve this distinction in the 150 years' history of the Society. Later, she consolidated her position in wildlife photography in India when she became a member of AFIAP (Artiste Federation International de L'Art Photographique). The only other lady AFIAP in India, to her knowledge, is Mrs. Chitrangada Sharma of Delhi.

**Shree Devi's camera catches a rare moment — an elephant digging at a salt lick.**

The Associateship and Fellowship of the Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain are regarded as the highest recognition of excellence in photography in the chosen field the world over. The field of photography is divided into more than a score of disciplines. The aspirant chooses his discipline and submits the required number of pictures to the Society. The minimum age of the aspirant should be 18. The Fellowship is a step further. One works on a particular subject from the wider discipline one had chosen for the Associateship. For example, in wild life, one could work on birds in flight, birds at nest, larger mammals, small creatures, insects etc.

Shree Devi's association with the camera began when she accompanied her father and brother to Kanha forest in M.P. armed with a movie camera. She must have been in her early teens, she recollects. Her father soon got her a camera of her own and she took up photography very seriously. She soon mastered the art and prepared herself for attempting an ARPS as soon as she was eligible. She finds herself more at home working in colour than in black and white.

It is not just the quality, technique and the lighting-angle combination of a photograph or

a slide that merits excellence. The picture should tell a story, or illustrate a point, and for this, the photographer has to have vast knowledge of the subject she has chosen. The picture of an elephant digging a salt lick and eating mud, which Shree Devi has taken is a very rare sight. Usually when an elephant suffers from lack of calcium, it sets out in search of salt licks, digs them up and eats mud. Again the tree between the camera and the animal is significant for it was after a 20 minute chase and only when the tree was between it and the human beings that the elephant felt safe enough to eat. Perhaps, otherwise, she would not have got this rare act on film.

Every year, Shree Devi accompanied by her brother and father, goes to different forests and jungles in India and abroad. These forest excursions have their moments of danger and uneasiness. Shree Devi remembers one incident when they were in Bandipur Forest, and got news of a large herd of elephants being in the vicinity of a nearby tank. Shree Devi and Mr. Deo hid themselves behind a bush and waited for nearly two and a half hours for the herd to come. It was only after they saw the herd, from a distance on the other side of the tank that they realised how alone and helpless they were there amidst the wild elephants. Should an untoward incident occur, they would not even be able to raise an alarm, or convey any message. Fortunately, the wind direction favoured them, and, sure that the elephants could not smell them, they prepared their cameras and for the next 45 minutes watched delightedly as the elephants played in the water, pulled each others tails and rolled in the mud.

Apart from elephants, Shree Devi has shot deer, sambars, birds in flight, birds at nest etc. She would love to click tigers but says that it is very difficult. Her latest interest is insect photography using macro lenses.

She says one has to be very alert in wildlife photography. There is no second chance, no fumbling and the pictures should be very sharp. She prefers side lighting for animals. The fur comes out beautiful she says. She makes use of her father's mini-library on animals to learn about an animal's habits and nature. To date, she has won 18 awards, 25 certificates of merit and has 150 photographs and slides accepted and exhibited in international salons. And now she is working towards her FRPS.


**FOR MILLS AND BOON FANS**

**Beginning next week Eve's Weekly will serialise yet another soon-to-be published Mills and Boon romance "Price to be Met" by Jessica Steele. Watch out for our issue of September 20th 1980.**

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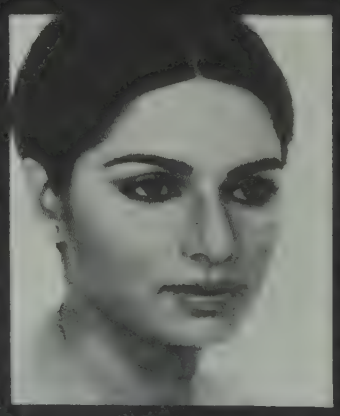

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# RATI AGNIHOTRI: ALL SET FOR THE BIG DEBUT

Jyothi Venkatesh

**A popular leading lady from the South, she is ready to storm the Bombay film world**

Hers is a name to conjure with in South Indian film circles. Rati Agnihotri, believe it or not, is a Punjabi resident in Madras where her father is posted, and today she is a star not only of Tamil but also of Telugu films. Top stars like Rajanikant and N. T. Rama Rao insist on being teamed with her. Within just two years of her entering films, Rati has conquered the South.

With producer L. V. Prasad's forthcoming venture "Ek Duuje Ke Liye", Rati is now all set to storm the Bombay film world. She has been cast in the film with the redoubtable star of the South, Kamalhasan. And even before the release of "Ek Duuje Ke Liye" Rati has been bombarded with offers by Bombay producers.

I met Rati on the sets of her Tamil movie, "Murattukkalai" at A.V.M. Studios, Madras. It was a dance sequence and her co-star in the film was Rajanikant, another leading South Indian hero. Rati was seated in a corner of the sets with her entourage, just like Hema Malini — her father, mother, a couple of family friends and her hair dresser. She was dressed to kill in a dazzling costume which was designed to reveal rather than conceal.

"I am so glad that producers in Bombay have offered me such good roles," she said with a happy smile. With that she rattled off a big list of her films in Bombay which included "Triveni" opposite Raj Babbar, Subodh Mukherjee's "Ulta Seeda", again opposite Raj Babbar, Dhoondy's "Sahas" in which her co-star may be Jeetendra, Shiv Kumar's next venture after "Ahinsa", in which she will be teamed with Sunil Dutt and Mithun Chakravorty, and a film called "Pyar Ka Rahi" in which her co-star is Vijayendra.

Rati denied the allegation made in a section of the press that she was grabbing every offer that came her way from Bombay. "I do not have to do it because I am quite busy in Madras as you can see for yourself. I am working in about 12 Tamil and Telugu films opposite big stars. In Bombay I am interested in doing only good films. Of course I am ambitious to do films for big banners and with big names like Amitabh Bachchan and Dharmendra, but then I have to prove my mettle as an actress before I can hope to bag that kind of film."

In "Triveni", according to Rati, she is slated to do a role which had originally been earmarked for the late Meena Kumari. "Due to some reason or the other, Meenaji could not do the role and the subject has now been taken up by the current producers and I am lucky enough to get the role along with artistes like Vijay Anand and Raj Babbar. Like 'Karz' and 'Kudrat', 'Triveni' also will deal with reincarnation," she said.

It was with director Bharathi Rajaa's "Puthiya Varppugal" in Tamil that Rati made her bow in films opposite Bakkiyaraj, once an assistant-director of Bharathi Rajaa, and now a star. The film proved a super hit and Rati's career was made in the South. She has to her credit over a dozen films in Tamil with top leading men like Kamalahasan, Shiv Kumar, Vijayan and Rajanikant.

"I am planning to settle down in Bombay by the end of the year because my father will be getting a transfer there. I want to concentrate on my career in Hindi films because I had always yearned for it. Since I am a Punjabi, I find it quite difficult to emote the way the director wants me to in Tamil and Telugu films, which are alien in language to me though I have picked up quite a bit. What I resent here is the fact that even today my voice is being dubbed by other actresses and I find it not at all synchronising with my lip movements."

Unfortunately for Rati, whether she is aware of it or not, she has been typed down South as a glamour puss with roles which require a great deal of exposure. "If the role demands that I shed my inhibitions, I do not have any objection to reveal my figure or romp around a swimming pool in a bikini. You cannot ask the director to let you wear a Kanjeevaram saree when you are in a swimming pool. I am, however, not in favour of the director exploiting me by incorporating scenes which have no relevance to the character I am assigned to do in the film," she said.

Rati has one ambition, and she is quite confident of realising it one day or the other. "After I make it big in Bombay, I want to launch a film of my own and wield the magaphone. I want to show to the world that women too can successfully direct films. Why should direction be restricted to men?"

Now that she has made it in films, Rati has stopped modelling. Earlier, she was a popular model in Madras. How did she meet Bharathi Rajaa? I asked her. "It was photographer K. R. V. Bhakta who introduced me to Bharathi Rajaa at a time when he was on the look-out for a fresh face to play the romantic lead in his film. Bhakta also cast me as the leading lady in his own Telugu venture 'Andala Raasi' in which South Indian star Lata's brother, Raj Kumar, played the romantic lead opposite me. But while, 'Puthiya Varppugal' clicked at the box office, "Andala Raasi" turned out to be a damp squib," she said.

So Bombay will now have another young star to meet the demand for new faces.

Photograph : Girish Shukla

# SCORCHING DAYS AND FRAGRANT NIGHTS

**Mona Bannerji**

BACK in New Jersey some of my best friends are from India, and when I announced my plans for spending a winter in that country it was decided that Ruma's family in Bombay would take charge and show me around. Accordingly, when I arrived at Santa Cruz airport very early one morning, Ruma's brother Gopal was there to receive me. Most Indian men that I had met in America were either my height or slightly shorter, but Gopal seemed to tower over me with his 6' 2" frame. Looking at him, one got the impression that one of the ancient Indian statues had suddenly come to life and decided to cover its naked granite with modern clothes. But apparently the statue had not yet mastered the art of conversation, because aside from the few formalities, Gopal did not say a word during the drive back to their house. One would think that he would point out the sights to a newly-arrived visitor to his country, but I guess that was not included in the chore of driving me from the airport to the house.

I was much relieved to find the rest of the family a great deal more friendly than Gopal. Breakfast was waiting when we got home — and an Indian breakfast is a heavy meal with all sorts of delicacies. After eating and a cool bath I could hardly keep my eyes open, so Ruma's mother insisted that I take a short nap. By the time I awoke from my nap it was early evening, and there were strains of music floating out from the living room where Ruma's eldest brother's wife, Parul, was playing the veena. I was a little embarrassed at having overslept but she quickly put me at ease as she invited me to help her prepare tea.

While we were having breakfast in the morning Gopal had gulped down a cup of coffee and rushed off to work. Now, while we were sipping our tea he returned. He greeted his mother asked his sister-in-law for a cup of tea, and threw a "Hello" at me while walking towards his room, without waiting for me to return his greeting. Parul must have noticed the confused look on my face, because she said, "Don't mind him. Gopal is always in a tremendous hurry, as if he is here to save the world."

In a little while Gopal emerged from his room bathed and fresh, and a little more relaxed. He had got rid of his European clothes and looked more comfortable in his Indian pajamas and embroidered cotton shirt. He sat down across from me, smiled for the first time, and said, "Just one more day of work. After that I have three weeks of vacation during which I am completely at your service. Tell me what you want to see, and it will be arranged. Meanwhile you are Boudi's (sister-in-law's) responsibility, and if you want to do some shopping in this country, you'll never find a better guide."

Parul reached out and gave him a friendly slap while telling me, "Don't you believe a word of what he says. He and his brother are always accusing me of spending all their money on my shopping sprees."

Her mother-in-law asked her, "Why do you pay any attention to them? Didn't Sona promise you, when he brought you here as a bride, to keep your palms filled with gold?"

Before the end of the day I felt right at home in their midst. These four people obviously knew how to enjoy life, and really cared for each other. I now knew the source of Ruma's relaxed charm and easy laughter.

After dinner it was suggested that we drive down to the beach. It was a warm December night, and following Parul's example I kicked off my sandals and let my feet sink comfortably into the sand with every step I took. It made Gopal nervous about broken bottles, rusty nails, and God knows what other horrors that were lying in the sand just to jab the soles of my feet. But his brother assured him that the family physician keeps enough stock of antitetanus shots to take care of any emergency that might arise, and I bravely laughed at Gopal's fears.

Strolling down the beach, Gopal bent down to whisper to me to slow down, and I felt a thrill pass through me. Strange what balmy tropical nights can do to otherwise sane and mature women. Sona and Parul kept on walking. When they were a few steps ahead of us, Gopal burst the bubble of my dream with his explanation: "With mother at home Parul and Sona don't get much privacy. They need this time together to share their thoughts."

I felt angry and resentful for no apparent reason, and was determined to match Gopal's silence with an even heavier silence of my own.

Gopal bought us green coconuts, and sipping the juice right out of the shell was quite an experience for me. I have seen airline ads for Florida that show shapely women in bikinis doing just that, but being from up North I had never had the good fortune of doing that. A little way up we came across a vendor who was crushing long sugar canes in an ancient contraption and selling the juice in glasses. Parul asked me if I'd like to try it, and Gopal was horrified, labelling the item "Instant cholera." But I angrily demanded, "Who installed you as my guardian? I have taken my shots, and I am an adult So I'll do just as I please." He didn't say a word in reply, but was very relieved when I couldn't take more than a sip. It was too sweet and syrupy for my taste. Parul clapped her hands and called it round number one.

I woke up very early the next morning, but not early by Bombay standards. The milkman had already delivered the milk, the maidservant was banging away at pots and pans under the backyard tap, Ruma's mother was chanting her prayers in the back verandah, and Sona was flirting with his wife in the kitchen, where she was trying to prepare the morning tea, but was having a hard time controlling her laughter over some sweet nothings he was whispering in her ears. The back verandah looked out onto the Arabian Sea, and Gopal was sitting there, reading the morning paper. It was too

early for another altercation, so I hesitated before stepping out onto the verandah, but the sea breeze and the sound of the waves proved irresistible.

Gopal did wish me "Good morning" from behind the paper, but that was all. I leaned over the balcony railing and, stretched out in the distance, I saw yards and yards of coloured material laid flat out on the sand to dry. It looked like something out of an abstract painting, and I went back to my room to fetch my camera. Focusing on them I asked Gopal, "What are those colourful things on the sand?" Without looking up he replied, "Sarees that the fisherwomen have laid out to dry."

After taking a few shots I started fitting on the zoom lens, and Gopal said, "Don't bother. Those poor women do not have the time to sun-bathe, let alone be in the nude."

I had had enough. I turned around, calmly plucked the newspaper out of his hands, and looking him squarely in the eye, asked as quietly as I could, "What is it with you? Why can't you talk to me without snapping at me? If I am causing you any inconvenience just tell me, and I will move to an hotel just as soon as your mother finishes her prayers."

Gopal turned red to the roots of his hair and apologised. "Forgive me. I am not used to talking to young women outside the family. It is just my nervousness that is coming out in the form of brusqueness."

I felt so sorry for him that I impulsively bent down and kissed him, saying, "You are forgiven." Alas, it seemed to add to his confusion.

It was decided that Gopal would show me around the western coast of India, and I would tour the rest on my own. It was amazing how protective and jealous he could be, telling me to turn around, or walk away every time another man gave me more than a passing glance. Sometimes I almost expected him to ask me to carry a "dupatta" and cover my face. He did not, but neither did he allow me to wear my cut-off shorts when I went anywhere with him.

As he helped me in and out of cars, taxis, and rickshaws he made me feel like a medieval lady with a knight errant of her own. Perhaps he wasn't aware of the fact that I was used to strap-hanging in New York subways, jogging through Central Park, dodging muggers in parking lots, and fighting fiercely with my male colleagues to get where I am today. Inexplicably enough, the feminist in me took a back seat temporarily, and I enjoyed being taken care of. Whenever I had this urge to tell him that I was not as fragile as he thought, and would not break into a thousand pieces at a touch, he instinctively said something to annoy me.

In the old-fashioned coupe compartments on trains, Gopal was very attentive. He would be constantly opening or closing the windows depending on which way the wind was blowing, buying me magazines at every station we stopped at, ordering tea from the restaurant car constantly, and apologising for the tasteless food served by the railways. He was even apologetic about the crowds and the squalor on the platforms. I tried telling him how much I enjoyed it all, but he thought I was merely being polite.

**I FELT SO SORRY FOR HIM THAT I IMPULSIVELY BENT DOWN AND KISSED HIM, SAYING, "YOU ARE FORGIVEN." ALAS, IT SEEMED TO ADD TO HIS CONFUSION**

When Gopal's vacation was over I started on my journey north all alone, with a certain sense of relief. My first stop was going to be Agra, and I was excitedly looking forward to it. I had read up enough to be able to enjoy the architecture on my own, without having a guide tagging along. Gopal came to see me off on the train and gave me so many instructions that I had to ask, "Don't you want me to wear a little card giving my name and address in case I am lost?" A momentary look of hurt passed across his face and I was immediately sorry. But it did not stop him from listing the Do's and Don'ts for tourists.

Agra and Delhi went fine, and then in the Lake Palace of Amber I met Don. Actually I met him when his boat passed my ferry boat on the lake and he nimbly changed boats much to the amusement of the boatmen, upon discovering a fellow American. It was even more wonderful when it turned out that he was a banker from Wall Street. On meeting Don I became a New Jerseyan once again, and forgot all the restrictions put on me by Gopal. I packed away my pretty dresses, pulled out the scruffiest of jeans and T-shirts. We ate at roadside cafes, took pictures of people on the roads, asked the most ridiculous questions of our guides, and boogied to the shocked clientele at expensive night clubs. This was the real me, the me that was always ready for a laugh, and hungering for adventure.

But all this carefree joy quickly came to an end. It was precisely when Don and I tumbled out of a first class railway compartment in Bombay's Victoria Terminus. Gopal was there to receive us. He took a long look at our crumpled clothes, sockless sneakers, and straggly hair before turning away to direct the porters unloading our luggage. He politely enquired as to which hotel Don would be staying at, and drove there; but once there, he dropped Don off at the curb with a curt, "Good night" and drove off with me. Alone in the car with him, I felt like a wicked little five-year-old who had been discovered with her hand in the cookie jar, and he did nothing to make me feel better. The only conversation we had were icily sarcastic comments from him, such as, "I can see you had a wonderful time. I am sorry I could not give you so much fun." Or, "I am sorry to have whisked you away from your beau so fast, but my mother is expecting us home for dinner."

The next morning I called Don at his hotel after Gopal left for work, and as planned I met him in the lobby. We spent the whole day dawdling about the city, and trying to forget Gopal. Late that evening we sat in the bar of the hotel sipping drinks, when suddenly Gopal materialized and sat down at our table without even asking. He ordered a drink for himself, but made no attempt at conversation except, "I have come to take you home, whenever you are ready."

The next morning Parul giggled over breakfast, "I have been ordered to chaperon you from today on." At first I was resentful, but then it turned out that the three of us together had even more fun than the two of us. And Parul, behind her modest saree and quick blushes was a born flirt. As for Don, this was the first Indian woman he had had a chance to come close to, and he was charmed. So much so, that often I had the feeling that I was the chaperon and Parul the chaperoned. But we enjoyed every minute of it as we took trips to the Borivili National Park and Elephanta caves, as we visited the Mahalaxmi temple, as we shopped at little stores quite unknown to tourists, or just ambled through the Kamala Nehru Park. Every evening we put on a sombre look in front of Gopal, though the twinkle in Sona's eyes made it clear that his wife had told him everything.

Then one day they threw a huge party for me, to enable me to meet all Ruma's old friends. Parul dressed me up in one of her gorgeous sarees, a red one with a lot of gold work, stuck a flower in my hair, and painted a big red dot on my forehead. I had a hard time managing the saree, but everybody remarked on how beautiful I looked. Don got carried away and hugged me in front of all, giving me a huge kiss, only to be politely pried away by Gopal, who never once commented on how I looked. But I noticed that he took a lot of pictures of me from different angles.

I felt rather flattered at the number of pictures he took, but as he never asked me to pose, or smile, or even look at the camera, I ignored the whole thing and never mentioned it.

A few days after the party, Don returned to the States and I followed soon after. When I was leaving, Ruma's mother embraced me and said, "May you return soon." But lest I get any ideas, Parul quickly explained that that is the customary farewell given to daughters of the family when they leave their parents. On the flight home I was surprised at how much I was missing them, especially Gopal. There was a sincerity about his gruffness that I would seldom find in my own countrymen.

Ruma and her husband were at the airport to receive me, and I had dinner with them before returning to my apartment. When I got in, the phone was ringing. It was Don. We started seeing each other quite often, and despite Ruma's conviction that we were "going steady" it was nothing more than a friendship.

**Continued on page 25**

# THE HOLY TRAIL

**Every single day of the year thousands of pilgrims visit and worship at shrines dotted across this wide and varied land. HUGH and COLLEEN GANTZER give you a choice of six holy places to recharge your spiritual batteries**

Why do people go on pilgrimages? Or, as a bright and brass-voiced friend of ours once blared: "Why can't you worship at home? Why must you go on a pilgrimage? Why do you put a geographical limitation on your God?"

Very clever, of course. And, possibly, very impressive. But then he spoilt the whole thing by saying: "Sorry I can't come. I'm going home this weekend. I need to recharge my emotional batteries. You should try it sometimes."

So we smiled and said, "We try it very often. We call it a pilgrimage."

And, every single day of the year thousands of pilgrims visit and worship at shrines dotted across this wide and varied land. But since we don't have the time, and the space, to write an Encyclopedia of Indian Pilgrimages, we have picked six shrines to give you a choice of places in which to recharge your emotional — and spiritual — batteries.

**The Golden Temple rises above the sacred Amrit Sagar at Amritsar.**

**The shrine Basilica of Our Lady of Health at Velankanni attracts pilgrims of all faiths who believe in its miraculous curative powers.**

### MAHA MERU PRASAD TEMPLE, SOMNATH

A beautiful. modern shrine on the shores of Gujarat's Arabian Sea coast. But though the present temple was completed in 1962, twelve years after the foundation stone was laid, it stands on a site consecrated by a number of earlier temples. And, as one would expect from such an ancient place of worship, tales and heroic legends cluster around it as thick as bees around a honeycomb.

"In days of yore," said our guide, as the car sped along the road from Sasan Gir, ". . . in those great days of glory, Daksha Prajapati married his 27 beautiful daughters to Chandra the moon. They were all very beautiful, very beautiful." He

glanced at us in the rear-view mirror. We nodded in reassurance: we take all legends seriously. The car inched past a marriage party and swept on. "But," continued our guide, smiling, "Chandra loved Rohini so much that he ignored her other sisters. And so. . . it is but natural. . . his father-in-law punished him and took away his lustre. Ah, then, terrible things started happening: the vegetation on the earth began to wither, animals were dismayed, men were perturbed, even the rishis were apprehensive. But it has a happy ending. . . ." Our guide beamed widely, "After a thousand years of prayer and penance the great Lord Siva appeared to Chandra and diluted the curse of Daksha Prajapati: Chandra could increase in brightness for half of 27 days, decrease in brightness for the other half. The Moon was so happy that he discovered a lustrous Linga, the shape of a hen's egg and called it Somnath. And this is the spot where it all happened. . . ."

The car drew up to an imposing gate atop a flight of steps. We ascended and, through the torana-arch, saw the honey-gold use of the temple.

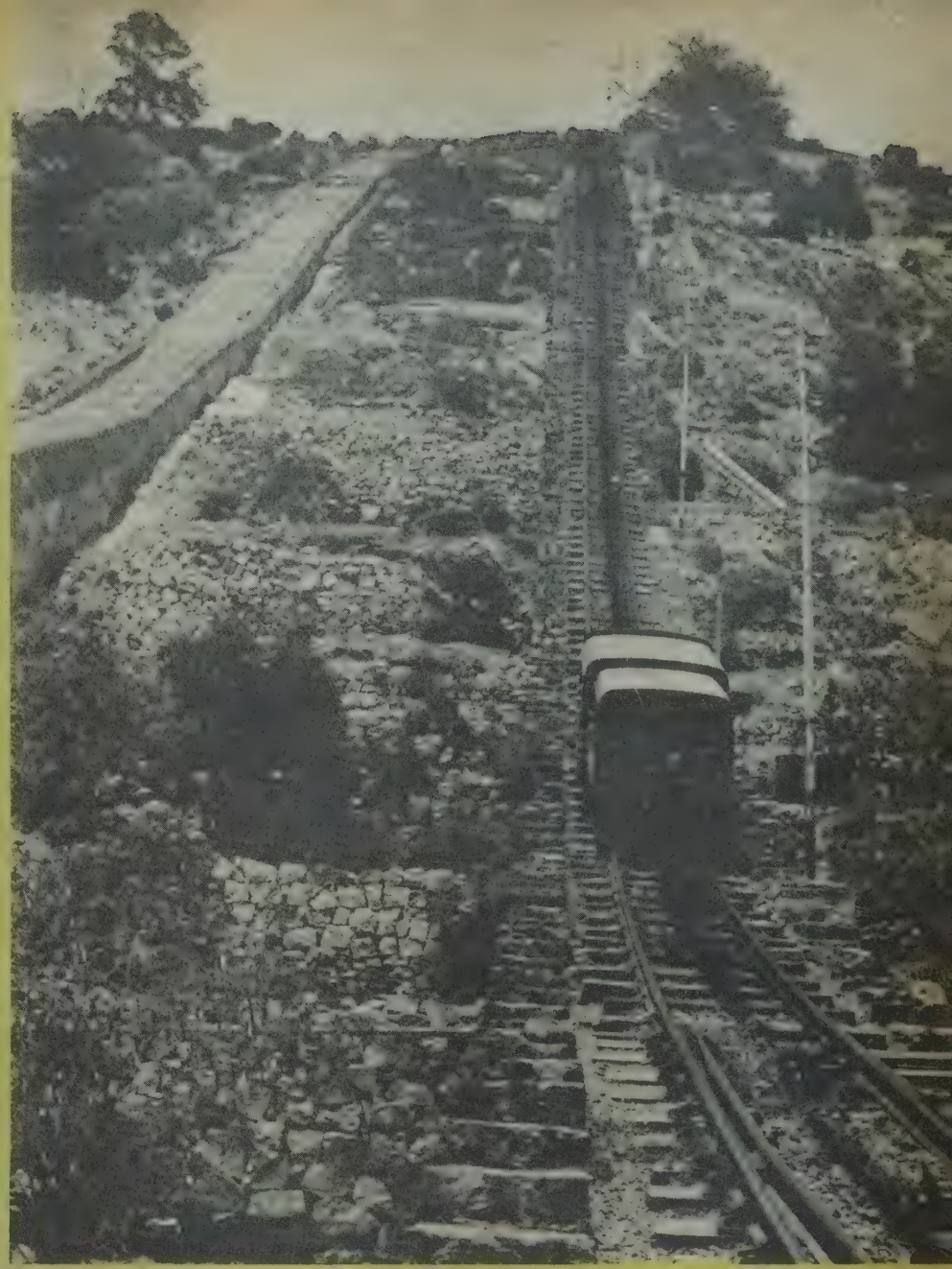
The new temple, though impressive, is still being built. Stone workers were chipping away, scaffolding impeded our passage, large blocks of carved rock from the old temple lay scattered on the grass-covered, beach-fronting field on which the temple stands. In course of time, we understand, many of these old sculptures will be replicated in the new building. We hope that the originals will then be installed in the first-floor gallery-museum giving a historical and cultural dimension to this great shrine. At present, the so-called, museum is little more than a collection of indifferent photographs unimaginatively displayed.

But for the devout pilgrim such ancillaries are merely unnecessary trimmings. The Linga at Somnath is recognised as the Adijyotirlinga and the joyous Somnath Mela is celebrated every year in the bright and silvered full-moon days of Kartik Purnima in November-December.

Thus the glory of one of India's most ancient pilgrimage centres has been affirmed, and reaffirmed, through untold centuries of faith.

This same unshakable faith, which is undoubtedly the greatest strength of India, manifests itself in another way and in another place. Touring the industrialised cities, burgeoning fields and great fortress-palaces of Punjab, we spent a night in the beautiful old Mughal gardens of Aam Khas Bagh in Sirhind. Here, while peacocks mewed in the gathering dusk, we left our luggage and drove to the sunset-gilded

**The Rauza of Sheikh Ahmad Mujadad at Sirhind.**



**The winch towed rachet railway of Palani leading to the Kartik temple.**

**RAUZA SHARIF OF SHEIKH AHMAD MUJADAD** revered sage whose life spanned the reigns of the liberal Emperor Akbar and his complex eldest son Salim who is better known as Jehangir.

The Rauza, like all the Muslim mausoleums we have visited, is a place of elegant serenity and deep, understated, solemnity that compels the visitor to tread with caution and speak in soft and measured tones. The red-bearded Haji who took us around. . . "Even in Mecca they know of him. . ." pointed out the magnificently decorated ceiling resembling an intricately enamelled shield surrounded by wind-blown plumes. Through scalloped arches we saw flaring domes and minarets; down sun-striated corridors where devotees knelt in silent reverence; to verandahs and courtyards where incense burned, birds chirruped and the sun poured gold on the graves.

"Many great men from all over the world are buried here," the Haji said. "That is the tomb of the Afghan ruler, Shah Zaman, but the smaller graves, they belong to. . ." and the names of the dead sounded like an honour roll of Sunnis the world over. Our guide interrupted, "As you know," he said, "many Sunnis believe that the Sheikh is second only to the Prophet. . ." We looked at the Haji, but he merely smiled and said: "If you will excuse me, the hour of prayer is at hand. . ."

We stood in the dusk-drenched quiet for a long while. We were the last to leave that evening. But, in August, when the Urs of the saint comes round, devotees crowd the Rauza again seeking solace, succour or peace. And, if conditions are right,

Photographs : Gantzer

voices may ring out again as miracles blossom like wild flowers.

And miracles do blossom, of course. The blind see, the sick are healed, the troubled in mind and spirit find peace and solace again. . . and the last is, probably, the greatest miracle. Those who have a simple faith in a Supreme Being, say that their prayers are being answered. Those who have a complicated belief in science say things about Psycho-somatic Phenomena, Biofeedback and the Therapeutic Qualities of Tellurgic Currents. Or, to put it in layman's language: the Mind Cures the Body, the Body Cures the Body, and Some Mysterious Currents in the Earth Cure the Mind and Body. Pilgrims, being uncomplicated people, choose not to disguise their faith in verbiage, they just get on with their pilgrimage.

And, deep in the south, one of the greatest pilgrim centres is the shrine at **VELANKANNI:** the **CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF GOOD HEALTH.**

Today, this is a huge, twin-towered shrine arising out of the dust and palms of Tamil Nadu's Thanjavur district. Essentially a Roman Catholic church. . . the Catholics have a special veneration for the Blessed Virgin Mary, mother of Lord Jesus Christ. . . the shrine attracts devotees of all faiths. Apart from Christians, we saw Muslims, a group of shaven-headed and robed men who looked Buddhist, and a Sikh who lit a reverent candle and then bowed his turbaned head in prayer.

Outside, the candle and incense sellers sold light and tragrance but, for all our efforts, we could not find out when the devotion to Our Lady of Good Health began. All we learnt was that ". . . many centuries ago" a lady with a child in her arms appeared to a shepherd boy beneath a banyan tree near a tank. When the local people learnt of the boys's vision, they flocked to the tank which soon became known, as it is today, as the Madha Kulam: the Mother's Tank. A thatched hut was erected there and this grew into the present church as pilgrims, increasingly, began to report miraculous cures.

The quest for cures continues unabated, but it reaches its peak during the ten days starting on August 29 and culminating on September 8, the traditional birthday of Our Lady.

No cures happened while we were there, or rather no one proclaimed such cures publicly, but we walked round the museum attached to the shrine and renewed our faith. Here, in an unusual display of belief, were models of limbs and eyes and organs crafted in many materials, but largely in silver and gold. Thus, when a blind devotee sees again, he donates a pair of silver eyes; when a cardiac patient is cured, he gifts a gold heart. Obviously a great many people have a great deal of faith for there was a great deal of gold in Velankanni.

But Velankanni does not have as much gold as we saw in another great shrine, high in the north.

Driving through the pilgrim-crowded streets of Amritsar we were advised to stop smoking before we reached the square spreading before the shrine. Barefoot, our heads covered, we ascended the steps, walked through the great gate, and got our first glimpse of the magnificent **GOLDEN TEMPLE.**

It is difficult to describe the resplendence, and the incredible cleanliness, of this immensely popular shrine. It combines the strength of a fortress, the elegance of a palace, the aspiration of a university, the authority of a power-centre of faith. And, quite frankly, no religious centre in India can exercise such intense secular and religious authority, today, as the Golden Temple.

The main shrine of the Temple is situated on an artificial island, approached by an artificial causeway in an artificial lake: the Amrit-Sar, the Lake of Nectar. Externally, the entire first floor, roof terrace, main dome and cupulas of the shrine are covered in copper plated in glistening gold. But inside, even the lower ceilings and walls are gilted and enriched with such a profusion of designs that it seems as if all surfaces are covered in cloth-of-gold woven with the jewelled intricacies of Persian carpets.

The Temple dates back to 1579 when the fourth Guru, Guru Ramdas, resolved to build a temple on land given to him by Akbar. The lake was first excavated and then, in the time of the fifth Guru, Guru Arjan Dev, the temple was constructed to house the holy Guru Granth Sahib: the sacred book of the Sikhs which is considered to be the final preceptor. To this day the holy book is read, in a sort of plain chant, so that the devout may hear its inspiring words. Working in shifts, relieving readers sit beside the one who is reading, follow his textural lines and then, effortlessly, take over the rhythm of the words and continue reading without interruption.

Most of the work of maintaining and cleaning this temple is done by volunteers. Volunteers also man the great kitchen, labouring over mounds of chappatis, cauldrons of curry, simmering pans of sweets and furnace-sized ovens roaring with heat. The Sikh langar is a symbol of the pragmatic social commitment of all gurudwaras and could well be emulated by other shrines by whatever name their creed may be called.

But when it comes to a variety of names, the laurel goes to the bachelor warrior god. In the north he is known as Kartik, the Tamils calls him Subramania, the people of Kerala speak of him as Muruga, and in Sri Lanka we heard him called Skanda. But, by whatever name he is called, the shrines of this young general of the gods are generally — and most appropriately — built atop easily-defended mountains. (His shore shrine at Tiruchendur is an exception. But then it marks his field headquarters in his battles against a submarine city: a sort of fortress by the sea.) The most important of his fortress-temples however, is the one at **PALANI.** Penitents, austere pilgrims and elephants tread a tortuous, winding path up the hill, others crowd themselves into a winch-drawn carriage, protected by the deity's spear emblem, and have themselves drawn up the precipitous rail track. This, too, is an expression of faith deemed well-worth the effort.

The view from the wind-whipped top is magnificent: the foothills town, its encircling fields, flashes of bright water, the haze of distant hills, all spread at one's feet and give one a sense of being, quite literally, above it all. Here, as in most shrines, the legends seem very real.

According to the legend, Sage Agastya created two hills. . . Sivagiri and Saktigiri. . . near Mount Kailas and, through the power of his prayer, got Lord Siva and Uma to appear on the hills. Delighted with the success of his endeavour, he obtained the Great Lord's permission to move the blessed hills to the south. The sage then directed his giant disciple, Idumban, to transport the peaks. Idumban, using the staff of Bramha as the rod and the serpents of the world as the ropes, built a "kavadi" of shoulder-slung baskets and started trudging southwards with his mountainous load. While he was resting at Palani, however, Lord Kartik decided to choose one of the hills as his abode: he had just lost a contest with his bro-, ther Ganesh, and was rather disconsolate. Imagine his wrath, then, when Idumban suddenly ordered him off the hill because Kartik's presence had made it too heavy to carry. Enraged, the

# TRAVEL DATA

**HARMANDIR — THE GOLDEN TEMPLE AT AMRITSAR, PUNJAB**

| | |
|---|---|
| Airport: | Yes |
| Rail: | Yes |
| Road: | Delhi — 450 kms; Chandigarh — 235 kms. |
| Accommodation: | Amritsar International Hotel — A/C S Rs. 100 to Rs. 125; A/C D Rs. 125 to Rs. 150. Youth Hostel — Rs. 7 per bed. |

**SUBRAMANIA TEMPLE AT PALANI, TAMIL NADU**

| | |
|---|---|
| Airport: | Madurai — 119 kms. |
| Rail: | Yes |
| Road: | Madurai — 119 kms; Tiruchirapalli — 165 kms. |
| Accommodation: | Madurai — Pandiyan Hotel — A/C S Rs. 165; A/C D Rs. 225. TTDC Tourist Bungalow — A/C S Rs. 60; A/C D Rs. 90; Non-A/C S Rs. 30; Non-A/C D Rs. 40 |
| | Tiruchirapalli — Sangam — A/C S Rs. 65-100; A/C D Rs. 90-144 Non-A/C S Rs. 45; Non-A/C D Rs. 65. TTDC Tourist Bungalow — Non-A/C S Rs. 20; Non A/C |

warrior god slew Idumban, was then touched by Agastya's pleas for mercy, restored Idumban to life and finally, permitted Idumban to mount guard at the gate of his Palani temple.

Idumban still stands at Palani's gate, devotees still carry small kavadis, and the warrior god is still represented here as the staff-carrying recluse.

The body of the deity in Palani is of unusual texture: it has a wax-like consistency and is said to have been made out of nine poisons which have great curative powers. The sculptor, the Siddha Bhoga, was reputed to have been gifted with great knowledge of all the healing sciences and if the legend is to be believed — he vanished into a cave in the mountain after completing the austere idol, his greatest work. There is still a strong belief that he will emerge, when he is required, and place his great knowledge at the service of mankind once again.

While we were not able to attend any of the great festivals of this shrine in January, April, May, June and November, we were struck by the fact that Muslims also revere the recluse Dandayudhapani. . . which is yet another name for Kartik in Palani. The Muslims, however, refer to him as Palani Baba and pray in the verandah at the rear of the sanctum sanctorum. Pilgrims have a pragmatic way of reconciling the official tenets of their creeds with the obvious truths of existence.

But we have seldom seen the truths of ecology so beautifully expressed as in the elegant legend of the Godavari at **TRIMBAKESHWAR.** Here, in the western ghats of Maharashtra, the hills rise as flat-topped and romantic as the setting of an American Wild-West film. But the romantic roots of Trimbakesh go back much further than those of the denims and jeans generation, though the basic pollution theme of the legend was as relevant then as it is today.

In ancient times. . . for that is the way it is normally expressed. . . all the holy rivers and lakes of India approached the great Lord Siva. After countless generations of washing away the sins of mankind, they felt weakened and besmirched. "Give us something to cleanse us, Great Lord," they pleaded. "For if we are not pure and strong how can we wash the guilt of others?" Touched by their plea, the Mighty Ascetic of Kailas unfastened his tangled forest of matted locks a little and, in a mighty flood, another gush of the entrapped Ganga flowed to earth. It emerged in the mountains of Trimbakeshwar, hid again, emerged again, hid again, and then emerged with such overwhelming vigour that it threatened to inundate the entire country. It was at this point that Sage Gautam intervened. Chanting a powerful mantra over a wad of kusa grass, he embedded it in the threatening river and staunched its devastating flow. Ever since then, the sacred waters of India... in the secret forms. . .assemble, along with thousands of devotees for the once-in-twelve years Sinahasta-cleansing in the holy pond called Kushavarta. Incidentally, the river is called the Godavari after its tamer, the Sage Gautam, and the annual festival — as in all Siva temples — is the one at Mahasivaratri.

The temple itself, in an oddly Himalayan-looking little town, is a beautifully serene place in a wide, paved, court backed by the distant hills. There is something primitively sublime about this temple, another of the 12 sacred Jyotilingas: it seems to rise like a towering and rugged boulder from the silent land.

We stayed a long time in the temple, admiring its stolid grace, joining the devotees in spirit, gazing at the replica of the Jyotilinga in the sunlit yard. Here, on a pedestal, there is a depression flooded with Godavari water. Rising out of the water are three oblong shapes flaring like rays from around a central hollow. The hollow is the linga. The three eye-shaped projections represent Brahma, Vishnu and Siva: hence "Trimbakeshwar."

The temple bells had begun to ring and, not too far away, conches blew and drums rumbled informing us that a procession of devotees, led by a Shankaracharya, was approaching on a pilgrimage of its own. It was time for us to leave and let the old rituals of faith, untouched by our probing, minister to the hearts and minds of those who came seeking solace and peace.

Because, in the final analysis it does not matter what language your creed is couched in, or what forms your rituals take. If you believe, as countless millions do, that there are places on this earth where compassion and understanding are part of the texture of the soil, the throb of the air you breathe. . . if you believe in this, then you are a pilgrim. And then there is no need to plod on the paths of logic. For pilgrims speak softly with the faithful logic of the heart. . . .

| | |
|---|---|
| | D Rs. 30; A/C S Rs. 50; A/C D Rs. 75. |
| Temple timings: | 6 a.m. to 9 p.m. — later during festivals. |
| Fare for ratchet-rail: | Rs. 2.50 for up and down; Rs. 1 for single journey. |

**SIVA TEMPLE AT TRIMBAKESHWAR, MAHARASHTRA**

| | |
|---|---|
| Airport: | Bombay — 180 kms. |
| Rail: | Nasik Road — 44 kms. |
| Road: | Bombay — 180 kms; Nasik — 36 kms. |
| Accommodation: | Maharashtra Tourism Holiday Camp — Non-A/C S Rs. 17; Non-A/C D Rs. 34 and dormitory at Rs. 5 per bed. |

State Transport buses ply between Nasik and Trimbakeshwar.

**For Further Information Contact:**

Somnath — Tourism Corpn. of Gujarat Ltd., Tourist Information Bureau, H. K. House, Behind Jivabhai Chambers, Ashram Road, Ahmedabad.

Rauza Sharif and Golden Temple — Punjab Tourism Development Corpn. Ltd., S.C.O. No. 183-184, Sector 8-C, Chandigarh-160 008.

Velankanni and Palani — Tamil Nadu Tourism Development Corpn. Ltd. Shivalaya Bldg, 16, Commander-in-Chief Rd., Madras-600 008.

Trimbakeshwar — Maharashtra Tourism Development Corpn., Express Towers, Nariman Point, Bombay-400 021.

## SCORCHING DAYS AND FRAGRANT NIGHTS

**Continued from page 21**

Then one day, when I was opening my mail, there was a large size envelope from India. As I opened it a picture of me in the red sari fell out. There was a small note with it, unsigned and undated, saying, "This is the only bride my heart can ever accept."

My fingers were trembling as I dialled Ruma's number and there must have been a certain shiver in my voice as I asked to come over, because she enquired if I felt safe driving. Otherwise she could send her husband to fetch me.

When I reached their house, Ruma and her husband were waiting for me in the driveway. Not trusting myself to speak, I held out the picture and the note, whereupon Ruma caught me up in a bear hug and started showering me with kisses, while her husband only said, "That coward!" and both started laughing hilariously. But just as quickly as she had started, Ruma sobered down, and looking deeply into my eyes, asked, "Well?"

"Well what?"

Ruma interrupted with, "What about Don?"

"What about him? He is just a friend."

"But you do realize that this will mean living in India? Don't do anything in a hurry. Think it over. It is a question of "lifetime."

Nevertheless we spent the rest of the evening trying to get a flight to India as quickly as possible, while I nervously enquired as to how her mother would take it. Ruma reassured me. "You have her blessings."

Leaving Ruma to dispose of the apartment and its contents, I spent the next few days resigning from my job, shoping, packing, and trying to explain it to Don. He was genuinely shocked.

"You are crazy to give up everything you have ever striven for, for that man."

"No, I am not. It is the sanest decision I have ever made."

"How about your parents?"

"They trust me. They are convinced that I know best what will make me happy. They will even come over for the wedding. Meanwhile they have assured me that their door will always be open if I ever choose to return."

Don shook his head in disbelief.

# PRETTY PINAFORES

Embroidered details that spell prettiness. Pinafores fall best in gaberdine — available in pretty shades too! Interchange blouses for variety. Pretty for parties too, if the blouse is in georgette or polyester. If not apt at embroidery, try embroidered braids as trims or ready embroidered motifs — these could be joined up with tiny stems.

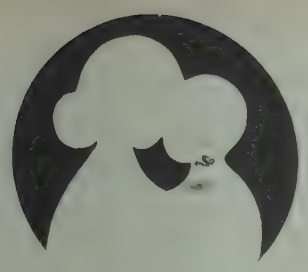
THACKERSEY BRIDGES THE GENERATION GAP

Delightful range of prints, colours and textures in voiles, linos, cambrics, poplins, two x two, dhotis, jacquards, furnishing, *CRONOLIZED* (pre-shrunk) and *TEBILIZED* (for tested crease resistance) cottons. And polyester blended suitings, shirtings, dress materials and sarees.

SINCE 1873 SYMBOL OF A RICH TEXTILE TRADITION

# thackersey fabric

THE HINDOOSTAN SPINNING AND WEAVING MILLS LIMIT



# THE COLOURS IN THE BUBBLE

**Doris Frey**

THAT year I was ten. My father was a clerk in a Government office. This was already my third school and I was in class five. I hoped we would never have to move again.

One day, Tina spoke to me. She was the jeweller's daughter and lived in a big white house, and we were in the same class at school. "See my diamond ring?"

Tossing her long black hair like a restless pony, she stretched out her hand. On her little finger was a thin gold band set with a diamond. Colours flashed and I saw the blue of the sky and the green of the leaves reflected in the stone.

"It's only a little one," she said and tossed her hair again. "Daddy says I can have a big one when I enter college."

I could not think of anything to say. Tina laughed and walked away with two of her friends.

One day, after school I told my father, "I don't have any friends." I knew I was going to cry, and before I knew what I was saying, I sobbed, "Tina has a diamond ring."

He was sitting at his desk completing some office work he had brought home. "Come Nina, let us read together," he said gently. He handed me a heavy brown book of Anderson's "Fairy Tales", a prize he had received for standing first in some class years ago when he was a student. It smelt of old leather and its thin pages made whispering sounds as I turned them.

Through my tears I began to read aloud and I forgot all about Tina's friends and her diamond ring.

Often we read from Tagore and Sarojini Naidu also. My father was from Bengal. "One day you will hear it sung, Nina," he said after we had read a Tagore poem. I knew he was seeing in his mind's eye the boats on the Ganga, the songs of the boatmen and birds, the flowing river, breathing the winy, golden air of his home. I looked at the rows of books on the shelves, thinking that my father knew everything in them. I wondered whether I would ever acquire so much knowledge.

That year my mother and I had no new clothes. Mother did not enjoy sewing, but she altered some old clothes and we wore them. She cut and shaped an old grey coat for me. It was the right length when she finished, but it was broad in the shoulders and roomy in the sleeves. She pinned a red flower on the collar. The dresses I wore to school were old, too. I knew I was different. The other girls knew it, too.

In the evening my father would play some old records on our gramophone and he would smile at my mother and me, and everything would be all right, we felt safe together with the music and one another.

One spring day, the girls were talking about Tina's birthday party. "Remember the clown last year?" one girl said. "I love circus parties."

"I liked the one before that, when they took us all to the movies," said another girl. "What is it going to be this year, Tina?"

Tina laughed. "It is a secret," she said, looking at us as we stood in a ring around her. "It's going to be the best one. I am sending the invitations by mail. Everybody's invitation will come by mail," she announced loudly.

I told my mother about it. I told her I wished I could have a new dress for the party — a real new dress. "What can I give Tina?" I asked mother. What can you give a girl who has a diamond ring?

I did get a new dress. Mother had some fairly decent white cloth and I felt almost right in the frock she made out of it. She also made an apron and made me embroider "Tina" on the pocket in blue letters. I thought it looked beautiful.

At school, the girls talked about the invitations they had received. I heard them talking to each other, but they changed the subject when I came near. I had a sick feeling that Tina was not going to invite me, that I would be the only one not going to her party.

But she seemed friendly to me. Once she said, "Nina I wish I could write an essay like you — the one Miss read out in class yesterday." I hoped again. If she was being so nice about my essay, maybe she liked me and wanted to be friends.

Three days before the party I called out to my mother when I reached home from school. "Mother, has my invitation come yet?"

Father answered. "Your mother has gone to get some vegetables, Nina. There was no mail." As he looked at me, he seemed to know what I was thinking. "Nina, please wear the dress Mother made. I want to see how you look in it."

I went to my corner and changed into the white dress. I combed my straight hair and stared at myself, solemn and pale, in the shadowy mirror. Then I went and stood before my father.

"Turn around," he told me, and I revolved slowly. "Like a flower," he said, "like a snowdrop. But are you going to wear chappals with such a dress?"

I was wearing my old brown sandals. "Come," he said, "come." Together we went to the market.

When my mother came home, I heard them talking, but I couldn't hear all they said. I was in my corner with my new shoes I had never had black patent leather shoes before. I stroked their surface, mirror bright. I smelt the fresh new smell of the leather. I felt them smooth and strong against the skin of my fingers, and I felt like a princess when they were on my feet. For my father I would have walked on swords like the little mermaid, but in my new shoes there were only shafts of love.

On the day of the party my invitation still had not come. It was a Saturday and the afternoon was perfect for a party. I still hoped, even expected, the postman to come and deliver

**Continued on page 45**

When you want to be provocative

wear a spot of innocence.

Flutter your lashes, show off your back. But on your forehead wear a spot of Shingar Kumkum Bindi.

Made from the finest ingredients, in colours that blend with your every mood, enhance your every dress.

Shingar

Kumkum Bindi

-India's most beautiful

# A TRADITIONAL TREAT

## MODAK

| | |
|---|---|
| 2 | cups rice |
| 1½ | tbsps. ghee |
| ½ | tsp. salt |
| 1 | fresh coconut, grated |
| 1 | cup sugar |
| 20 | almonds (optional) |
| 30 | raisins |
| 1 | tsp. powder cardamom |

Clean and soak the rice in water for an hour. Wash it clean and put in a colander to drain out the water completely. Remove and spread on a cloth to dry. Grind finely and sift through a sieve.

Boil three cups of water in a big, heavy-bottomed dekchi with salt and one tablespoon of ghee. Put in the rice flour and keep stirring continuously till the mixture thickens and becomes even. Cover the dekchi for a minute or two. Remove the lid and stir. Repeat this process one or two times more so that the mixture forms into a nice lump. Turn over the lump onto a metal plate. When cool, grease the palms and knead into a smooth dough.

Blanche and chop the almonds. Clean the raisins. Place a dekchi on fire with half tablespoon of ghee and fry the grated coconut

Ganesh, the elephant-headed god of wisdom and prosperity, is such a highly esteemed deity that at the outset of every Hindu religious ceremony his blessings are invariably invoked to make a function or undertaking go through without any obstacle. The birth of Ganesh is supposed to be on the fourth day of the fortnight of the waxing moon in the month of Bhadrapad (August-September) and from this day up to the tenth the Ganesh festival is observed. On these auspicious days, religious rites are performed, prayers are offered and sweetmeats offered to the deity.

MALINI BISEN shares with us some of the traditional recipes prepared for this festive day. These include the "botwe khir" and "modak." One day previous to the festival, married women and unmarried girls observe fast and in the night make the botwe which is made into khir and the next day and offered in worship to Ganesh.

# RECIPES FROM OUR READERS

Mrs. Rajam Laxman, Coimbatore.

## MACARONI MIRACLE LOAF

FOR THE LOAF :

**2 large bread loaves**
**1 cup ghee**

**Unsweetened egg custard (made with 2 eggs and 2 cups milk)**
**1 cup thick white sauce**
**1 tsp. nutmeg, powdered**
**Salt and pepper to taste**
**10-12 hard boiled eggs, shelled**

FOR THE PRAWN FILLING :

**1 cup prawns, cleaned and shelled**
**1 cup shell shaped macaroni, cooked**
**2 large onions, ground**
**1 tsp. each ginger and garlic paste**
**2 tsps. chilli powder**
**2 tsps. coriander leaves. chopped**
**½ tsp. turmeric powder**
**2 tbsps. ghee**
**2 tomatoes, chopped**
**1 tsp. sugar**
**Salt to taste**

FOR THE CHICKEN FILLING :

**1 cup broken macaroni, cooked**
**1 cup chicken pieces, cooked, boned and shredded**
**2 onions, sliced**
**4 green chillis, chopped**
**1 tsp. pepper powder**
**2 tbsps. tomato sauce**
**2 tbsps. cheese, grated**
**2 tbsps. butter**
**Salt to taste**

FOR THE CRABMEAT FILLING :

**1 small packet spaghetti, cooked**
**1 cup crabmeat, cooked and shelled**
**1 tsp. garam masala**

FRY AND GRIND TO A PASTE :

**4 red chillis**
**2 tsps. coriander seeds**
**½ tsps. cummin seed**
**1 inch piece turmeric**
**2 tbsps. coconut, grated**
**1 tsp. mint leaves, chopped**
**2 tsps. coriander leaves, chopped**
**2 tbsps. ghee**
**Salt to taste**

FOR THE LOAF :

Grease a ten inch square cake tin with butter. Cut the tops of each loaf. Cut one side of the loaves lengthwise. Remove the crumbs from inside making a neat hollow. Now bring together both the cut sides of the loaves and secure with a tooth pick (now you get a square case for the filling.) Spread ghee inside and outside of the prepared loaf. Keep aside.

## SPECIAL COOKERY ISSUE NEW CONTEST

**Once again, Eve's Weekly will bring out — on October 25, 1980 — a Special Cookery Issue on a novel theme: "I Hate To Cook!" Readers are invited to participate in a contest especially devised for this issue.**

**Remember how you hated stepping into the kitchen in the beginning — and now simply enjoy it? Write your experiences (and experiments) in not more than 250 words and send it to us along with one ORIGINAL, un-published recipe that you feel is now your favourite.**

**The recipe can be vegetarian or non-vegetarian, and must be accompanied by a passport size photograph.**

**The entries will be judged initially on the basis of the best experience recounted and, then, the best recipe submitted. Selected entries will be published in the Special Cookery Issue. Lovely prizes (to be announced later) will be awarded to the three best entries.**

**Send your entries to the Editor, Eve's Weekly, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay 400 023. CLOSING DATE : SEPTEMBER 22, 1980.**

**(Entries received for this contest will not be returned)**

# WEEKLY WINNER

## NANCY TAVARIA, Bombay.

**Mrs. Tavaria wins Rs. 50/- for this week's best recipe plus a 9 cup Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Corn Products, a utility dish and 2 cup Carafe or cash equivalent from Borosil Glass Works Limited and a cook book from Ahmed Mills, Bombay.**

## BOTI TOAST

**½ kg meat**
**1 cup peas**
**2 big potatoes**
**250 grams onions**
**1 cup curds**
**6 slices of bread**

GRIND TO A PASTE:

**50 grams ginger**
**50 grams garlic**
**1 tsp. cinnamon**
**4 red chillis**

TO BE POWDERED:

**1 piece cinnamon**
**4 cloves**
**4 cardamoms**
**Ghee for frying**
**Salt**

Cut meat into very small pieces, clean and wash. Add a little water to the meat and pressure cook it. In the same cooker cook peas and potatoes in two separators. Now cube the slices of bread and fry them to a pink colour and keep aside. Cut the boiled potatoes into cubes and fry them lightly. Fry onions to a pink colour and add the ground masala and powdered masala to it. Then add the cooked meat and cook for five minutes till the gravy thickens. Just before serving add curds, peas, potatoes, and salt to taste. Lastly garnish the dish with the fried bread cubes.

FOR THE PRAWN FILLING :

Fry the ground onion in ghee until light brown colour. Add ginger and garlic paste and fry for a few minutes. Add all the other ingredients except prawns and macaroni. Fry for five minutes. Now add the prawns and cook until dry. Remove from fire. Add macaroni. Mix well and keep aside.

FOR THE CHICKEN FILLING :

Saute the onions and green chillis in butter. Add all the ingredients except cheese. Remove from fire. Mix grated cheese and keep aside.

FOR THE CRABMEAT FILLING :

Fry the chopped onions in ghee until golden brown colour. Add all the remaining ingredients except crabmeat and spaghetti. Stir and cook for five minutes. Now mix crab meat and spaghetti. Mix well and cook for a few minutes more. Remove from fire. Keep aside.

Preheat the oven. Mix the white sauce, custard, nutmeg. pepper and salt together. Pour quarter of the mixture into the greased cake tin. Place the prepared loaf over this. Now press the crab meat filling into the bottom of the loaf evenly. Then press half of the chicken filling over this and place hard boiled eggs four in a row. Now press the remaining chicken filling over this. Now press the prawn filling on top. Pour the remaining custard over this and place the sliced tomatoes and capsicums alternately. Then keep spaghetti strings criss-cross over this. Dot with butter. Bake in hot oven for half an hour. Slice and serve.

for a little while. Add sugar, almonds, raisins and cardamom powder. Keep stirring till thick. Remove and cool.

Divide the dough into equal portions and form lemon size balls. Make a hollow in the centre of each ball, place enough coconut mixture in it. Pull up the sides and gather them at the top, giving it a conical shape like a fresh fig.

When all the modaks are prepared, steam them in a colander, placed on a pot of boiling water for about ten minutes

## BOTWE KHIR

**1 cup wheat flour, finely sifted**
**½ fresh coconut, grated**
**½ litre milk**
**1 cup jaggery**
**15 cardamoms**
**¼ cup raisins**
**1 tbsp. poppy seeds**
**¼ cup ghee**

Rub in one tablespoon of ghee and a pinch of salt to the flour. Knead into a stiff dough. Take a small ball from this dough and roll very fine into thread like lengths. Break it into half inch pieces. Drop them in the dry flour so that they do not stick together. Let them remain in the dry flour overnight. Next morning dredge the contents through a sieve.

Place a dekchi on fire with the remaining ghee. When the ghee melts, put the botwe and fry on medium fire till they are golden colour. Pour enough water and let them simmer till they are soft. Grind the poppy seeds to a fine paste and add to the contents along with jaggery. Stir till the jaggery melts. Put in the grated coconut, milk, raisins and the powdered cardamoms. Serve hot.

## PANCHAMRIT

**1½ cups peanuts**
**½ dry coconut**
**10 dry dates**
**8 dry apricots**
**1 cup oil**
**½ cup jaggery, grated**
**½ dry coconut**
**½ cup raisins**
**8 green chillis**
**1 inch piece ginger**
**1 tsp. turmeric**
**4 tsps. chilli powder**
**10 cashewnuts**
**2 tsps. dry coriander powder**
**3 tsps. salt**
**1½ tsps. mustard seeds**
**1 cup thick tamarind pulp**
**1 tsp. asafoetida**
**10 curry leaves**

Heat the peanuts and remove the skin. Let half of the peanuts remain whole and pound the other half rather coarsely. Clean and chop the cashewnuts, each into two. Cut each date into four lengthwise.

Remove the tiny seeds from the apricots. Break the seeds and remove the almonds. Discard the bitter almonds. Blanche the remaining and slice them. Cut the apricots into small pieces. Scrape and slice the ginger. Cut the green chillis into one inch long pieces. Slice the dry coconut.

Heat oil. When hot, lower the flame and season the asafoetida, mustard seeds and curry leaves. When the mustard seeds begin to splutter, put in the sliced ginger and the green chillis. Stir for a while and then add chilli, turmeric and coriander powder and the pound peanuts. After a minute add the whole peanuts, coconut slices, apricot pieces, raisins, sliced dates and the tiny almonds along with cashewnuts. Stir for a minute or two and pour the tamarind pulp. Add salt. When the mixture starts bubbling, add the jaggery. Let it simmer on low fire for five minutes. When thick, remove. Cool and store in a glass jar.

## PALAK GOLA PULLAO

**2 bunches fresh spinach**
**4 green chillis**
**2 tbsps. gram flour**
**2 tsps. salt**
**½ cup khoya**
**½ tsp. turmeric powder**
**40 raisins**
**1 inch piece ginger**
**4 sticks cinnamon**
**2 tsps. dry coriander powder**
**4 cloves**
**10 black pepper**
**6 white cardamoms**
**3 onions**
**25 cashewnuts**
**1 cassia leaf**
**4 threads mace**
**½ cup ghee**

Clean, wash and grind the spinach leaves to a fine paste along with half of the ginger and green chillis. Let it cook on low fire till it thickens. Remove from fire and put in the dry coriander powder, khoya and half teaspoon salt. Heat the gram flour to a light golden colour and put in the spinach. Add the curds and form small balls. Deep fry the balls in ghee. Keep them aside.

Soak the rice in water for about ten minutes and then wash. Clean and break the cashewnuts, each into two. Grind the mace, one stick cinnamon, six black peppercorns, three cardamoms and two cloves to a fine paste.

Heat ghee and fry the sliced onions to a crisp brown. Remove. In the same ghee fry the cashewnuts lightly and also the raisins. Remove and keep aside.

Put about half a teaspoon of sugar in the same ghee. When the sugar becomes brown, put in the whole spices. Chop the remaining ginger and add. Stir them for a while and add the ground spices. Fry well and put in the rice. Pour sufficient hot water to cook the rice. Add salt. When the rice is almost cooked, put in the spinach balls, mix and cover the dekchi. Place live coals on top and lower the fire under the dekchi. Cook for fifteen minutes.

Garnish with fried onions, cashewnuts and raisins.

## BHAR-LE-LI-BHENDI

**300 grams tender lady's fingers**
**3 green chillis**
**½ inch piece ginger**
**2 tbsps. fresh coriander, chopped**
**1 lime**
**1 tsp. sugar**
**½ cup fresh coconut, grated**
**1 tsp. salt**
**¼ cup oil**

Wash and wipe the lady fingers with a cloth. Then lightly chop off the top. Slit each one of them on one side without breaking.

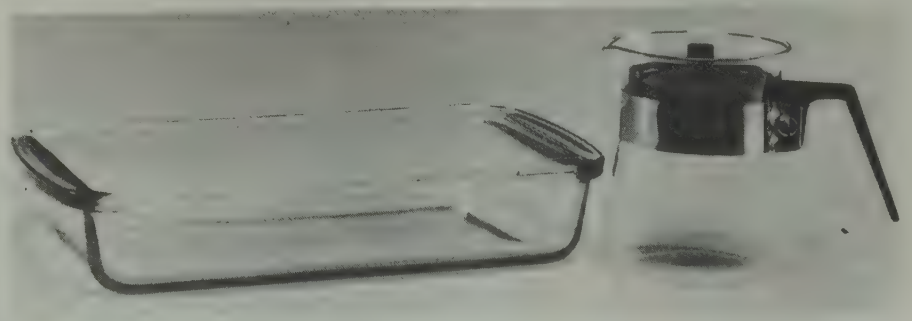
Grind the green chillis and ginger rather coarsely. Heat these in a little oil. Put in the grated coconut, chopped coriander, salt and sugar. Squeeze in the lime juice and mix well.

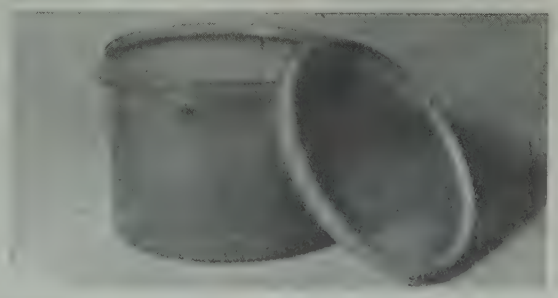
Stuff the lady fingers with this mixture. Heat oil in a heavy bottomed dekchi. When hot, lower the fire and arrange these stuffed lady fingers in it. Cook covered over a low flame. Serve hot.

### ANNOUNCING MORE GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

**Prize winners of our Weekly Contest will receive in addition to the usual Rs. 50.00 cash prize:**

1) A 9 cup Storefresh container from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES, 2) A Gift Hamper from CORN PRODUCTS containing Brown and Polson Custard Powder, Rex Jelly, Rex Baking Powder and Davis Gelatine, 3) A Utility Dish and a 2-cup Carafe or cash equivalent of Rs. 138.00 from BOROSIL GLASS WORKS LIMITED, Bombay, and 4) A Postman Cook Book from AHMED MILLS, Bombay.





# THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin

DID YOU HEAR ABOUT MARTHA?
NO - WHAT ABOUT MARTHA?
WELL - SHE WENT AND DID JUST WHAT I SAID SHE'D DO -
WHAT WAS THAT?
YOU KNOW - THE SAME THING SHE DID LAST TIME - ONLY THIS TIME THE FAT'S IN THE FIRE FOR SURE!
DRUGS
IS THAT A FACT?
YES, INDEED! SHE'S IN BIG TROUBLE....IF THEY EVER FIND OUT ABOUT THOSE OTHER THINGS -WOW!
YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN -
DO I?
WHAT WAS THAT ALL ABOUT?
I CAN'T SAY-IT'S A SECRET!
5-11
AW, COM'ON - YOU CAN TELL ME!
HOW CAN I? SHE DIDN'T TELL ME!

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THE LITTLE WOMAN

"Do you want to get next to something with a lot of money in?"

"Sure."

"Well, go downtown and lean against a bank."

* * *

The newest ailment is "Bridge Wrist", due to constantly inhibited desires to strangle your partner.

* * *

"Why does a woman say she's been shopping when she hasn't bought a thing?"

"For the same reason a man says he's been fishing when he hasn't caught a thing."

* * *

Boxer: "Have I done him any damage?"

Disgusted trainer: "No, but keep swinging. The draft you cause may give him a cold."

* * *

"What happens to the horses you follow, Deepak?"

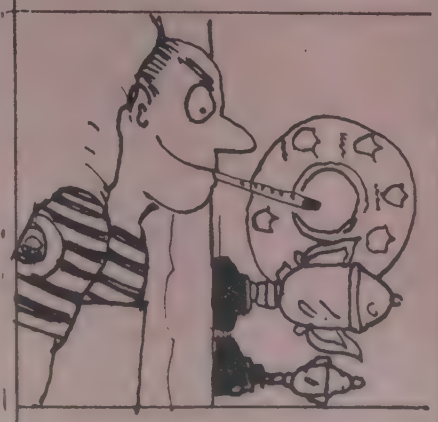
## THAT'S A LAUGH!

"Oh, they usually follow the other horses."

* * *

"Yes, my husband's in bed, a victim of football."

"But I didn't know he played."



"He doesn't. He sprained his larynx at the match last Saturday."

* * *

The champion athlete in bed was told that he had a temperature.

"How high is it, doctor?" he asked.

"A hundred and one."

'What's the world record?"

* * *

"Ever had a crop failure?" asked the old timer.

"Yes, I've seen a few in my day. In 1936, the corn crop was almost nothing. We cooked some for dinner, and my father ate fourteen acres of corn at one meal."

* * *

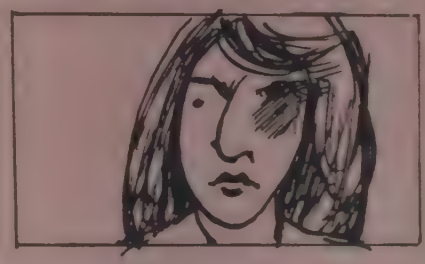
"Did you cancel all my engagements like I told you, Smithers?"

"Yes, sir, but Lady Millicent didn't take it very well. She said you were to marry her next Monday."

* * *

Regular customer: "I shall want a large number of flowers from you next week, for my daughter's coming out."

Flower woman: "Yes, ma'am. You shall have the



very best for her. What were she put in for?"

* * *

"How did you get that black eye, Mrs. Higgins?"

"Well sir, my husband came out of prison on his birthday."

"Yes?"

"And I wished him many happy returns."

* * *

Compiled by George Fegradoe

# have we seen the last of SMALL-POX?

### THE WORLD HEALTH ORGANISATION CLAIMS THAT WE HAVE, BUT THE SUSPICION THAT THIS DREAD DISEASE PERSISTS STILL LURKS IN OUR MINDS

**Chandra Dave & Neera K. Sohoni**

On the night of May 24, 1975 Bibi Sahiban, a young widow from Bangladesh, crossed into Karimganj in Assam, suffering from an acute illness. In India, she was the last known case of the dreadful affliction called small-pox which had haunted mankind over the centuries.

## HISTORICAL OVERVIEW

Between the time Edward Jenner discovered the vaccine against small-pox in 1796 and the actual eradication of the disease nearly 200 years later, the fight against small-pox had been a tough uphill climb. Endemic throughout the world, small-pox epidemics used to rage all over the five continents claiming thousands of lives and maiming many more. But finally in the thirties of the present century, the disease began to recede. It ceased to be endemic in England by 1935 and by the 1950s, it had been wiped out from Western Europe and Northern America.

In the developing countries of Asia and Africa, however, small-pox remained potent and a dreaded enemy of the populace. It afflicted the rich and poor, the aged and the young alike. In the Indian context, on account of ignorance, together with leprosy, it came to be equated with the curse of gods.

Strangely enough, variolation, the precursor of vaccination, orignated in the East. Dhanwantri, the ancient Hindu physician, (1500 B.C.) is credited with its practice, which consisted of injecting pus from the mild pustules of small-pox into the skin of a non-infected person. The ancient Chinese were known to blow powdered small-pox crusts into the nostrils of the person to be protected. The practice of variolation passed from East to West until it was replaced by vaccination, a process of infecting cells in the skin to produce a local reaction and resistance to the actual onset of the disease.

## RESISTANCE TO VACCINATION IN INDIA

Although vaccination was made available to India in the 19th century, its acceptance was very slow to come. Through ignorance and a sense of fatalism, small-pox had come to be regarded over the years as a divine curse on par with devastating famines, floods, plague and cholera. Since divine wrath could be contained by appeasement alone, and not by preventive medical steps, there developed a whole gamut of cult and ritual associated with small-pox. The disease itself came to be designated as "Mata" (meaning the goddess, the mother). The small-pox patient was considered to be the medium through which the goddess appeared or gave "darshan." As the patient lay groaning under the agony of the disease, the medicine men sought to appease the goddess by offering her fruit and flowers, chanting incantations and keeping vigil through the night. The family members refrained from taking a non-vegetarian diet during the period and the food was neither fried nor spiced lest the smell disturb the goddess.

If the patient was cured, it was attributed to divine grace for which some sacrifice was offered (a chicken or a goat). On recovery, the patient would bathe and visit the temple to thank the goddess for sparing his life. Medicines were not considered necessary. Surprisingly, Muslims and Christians also followed many of the taboos associated with small-pox.

In such an ambience, the vaccinators cut very little ice with the population. In fact, often when the local vaccinator came, wanting to vaccinate the new born, the mothers hid their babies. Some Hindus objected to vaccination on the ground of its being prepared from cow's blood. Other objections were less whimsical. The vaccination, many a time, gave rise to complications, given the prevailing low standard of overall health and hygiene. There were also pressing economic reasons. The mother was tied down to the child. The vaccination itself was looked upon as a visitation of the goddess, and to that extent, all the rituals associated with small-pox had to be performed. Community feeding had to be arranged, flowers and fruits offered to the goddess, and the local "bhagat" hired to please the goddess, all of which cost money. But, over the years, as superstition and ignorance gave place to knowledge, people began to bare their and their children's arms for voluntary vaccination. That was a great step forward and the beginning of the end of small-pox in India.

Total control through vaccination, however, was still a distant dream so that whenever small-pox broke out, it came in epidemic proportions. This is well illustrated by a comparison of reported incidence of small-pox in India and the world.

| Year | World | India |
|---|---|---|
| 1967 | 131,418 | 84,902 |
| 1968 | 80,209 | 35,179 |
| 1969 | 54,223 | 19,139 |
| 1970 | 33,304 | 12,750 |
| 1971 | 51,993 | 16,184 |
| 1972 | 65,153 | 27,407 |
| 1973 | 135,863 | 88,114 |
| 1974 | 218,364 | 188,003 |

**A "Bhagat" performing the conciliation puja for warding off "Devi".**

## WHO ENTERS THE SCENE

In 1958, the World Health Organization (WHO) called for a global eradication programme. A decade later, small-pox was endemic in 30 countries only, and India had the dubious distinction of contributing 65 per cent of the total cases of small-pox in the world. However, the march down the victory road had begun; it gathered momentum until by 1973 the disease was confined to only four countries. The "Target Zero" campaign continued, and by **July 5th, 1975, India was declared rid of this dreadful affliction.**

Such a dramatic performance notwithstanding, the contention that there is no small-pox, continues to cause disbelief. Despite WHO's categorical and unqualified proclamation, the suspicion that the disease persists and the fear that it may be contracted, still lurks in our minds, whether we live in rural, semi-urban or urban areas.

Recently, when some of the Bombay paediatricians were contacted for sounding their views on this, they had the same comment to offer. They all believe that whereas WHO has declared small-pox to have been successfully eradicated, it "can't hurt to take the vaccination." What about possible adverse effects of taking a vaccination for a non-existent disease? The most common response to that is: "Well, although WHO claims have to be admitted as valid, it is just possible that the disease may be there in some undetected, unreported form. Why then should the new born be unnecessarily exposed to the risk of contracting the disease?"

This is as far as the well informed professionals and specialists go. At the para-professional level, we personally spoke to the nursing staff of a leading Bombay hospital. Among them, practically none, (baring one) showed any knowledge at all of WHO's policy statement on small-pox. Most of them (naturally) thought that we were out of our minds in suggesting that small-pox was no longer a threat against which the new born baby had to be vaccinated.

Even the **one** nurse who appeared to be aware of the "revised status" of small-pox, attributed it to some unexplained shortages in the supply of vaccine by WHO/Haffkin Institute!

In such a milieu, it is only to be expected that confusion should prevail regarding whether or not to go by the WHO

## How to get more meals out of your stoves.

**You'll find the information here of vital use. Follow these tips from today and discover a happy surprise: cooking fuel that lasts longer every month !**

# 8 sensible ways to make your gas or kerosene last longer.

**1. Get yourself organised...**
Cooking is so much more economical—and enjoyable !—if you've got all things chopped and ready, spices within reach, before lighting your stove. Never keep a flame burning unnecessarily.

**2. Put the lid on heat loss !**
A good idea would be to put a lid on the vessel to retain heat inside. This way, food cooks faster and consumes 15% less fuel.
**35% fuel saving—with just a simple action !** Once a vessel's contents reach boiling point, a low flame is enough to keep them boiling. So promptly turn down your flame—research tests show that you save 35% fuel !

**3. Water quantity should be just right.**
Surplus water, especially in rice and vegetables, consumes extra fuel. So reduce water to the minimum—food is tastier and more nutritious too ! Experiments also show that soaking dal overnight before cooking saves 35% cooking fuel.

**4. Use wide shallow vessels always.**
A vessel 25 cm in diameter is ideal for cooking as it covers the flame completely—narrow vessels waste fuel (especially if flames lick the sides). Since a vessel first absorbs heat before its contents get cooked, avoid using a taller vessel than necessary.

**5. Eating together saves money.**
Plan meal times when the family can eat together—this way you avoid reheating food which wastes both the fuel as well as the food's nutritive contents.

**6. The biggest fuel saver – the pressure cooker.**
A pressure cooker takes less time and saves 30% fuel compared to ordinary cooking.
But did you know: you can turn down the flame and even switch off the stove completely while food continues to cook with the pressure of the steam. This saves you 5 to 8 minutes of fuel.
Another fantastic advantage: you can use the cooker's separators to cook dal, rice, vegetables, all at the same time—think of the fuel saved !

**7. Make more use of the smaller burner.**
The big burner takes less time to cook food, but consumes 10% more fuel than the smaller burner. Ask yourself if it is worth the time saved. Use of the smaller burner saves fuel every time.

**8. A clean burner helps too.**
Is your burner clogged or do your wicks need changing?
Clean your stoves regularly for better performance.

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PCRA-6279-M

# BEAUTY BULLETIN

Kiyoko M., a leading beautician, will answer your beauty queries every fortnight in this column.

## HOME REMEDIES

**I have an oily skin and my sister's skin is dry. Please suggest us some home-made preparations to apply on the skin.**

**I have another problem. My hair is shoulder length and split at the ends. What should I do?**

**V. B. (Jaipur)**

For you skin which is oily, fresh milk cream to which a few drops of lemon juice have been added is best. Your sister should massage her face with olive oil or almond oil to nourish it.

You should have the split ends of your hair cut off. Also condition your hair weekly. Hot oil treatment is best for you. Wring out a towel in hot water and wrap it round your head. When this cools use another towel. Do this for 10 minutes. The oil will penetrate your scalp nourishing your hair.

And don't bleach your hair as this is harmful.

## PROPER DIET IS NEEDED

**I am 25 and want to lose about eight kgs. I had started dieting last month but I could not continue after a week as I used to feel very hungry specially at about 5 in the evening. I used to eat something substantial with the result there was no weight loss. What should I do?**

**H. L. (Bombay)**

When you are starting a diet, you are very enthusiastic the first three-four days, but towards the end of the week your enthusiasm is on the wane and that is when staying power in needed. This depends on whether the incentive to lose weight is strong enough to break the habit and whether your diet is the right type to sustain your energy.

A scientifically planned diet gives perfect nutrition and a feeling of satiety. But the diet should not be monotonous — it should have varied foods.

The proteins that give the staying power to protective meals for dieters can also provide an energy pick-up and prevent that rundown feeling at about 5. At this point 100 calories in protein — 30 gms. of cheese, or a hard boiled egg, or a glass of buttermilk — can help pick up energy and bolster staying power.

## UNSIGHTLY KNEES

**My knees are rough and discoloured. Please suggest a remedy to make them smooth.**

**A. W. (Bangalore)**

Take some table salt add a little coconut oil and mix well. Before your bath, massage your knees well with this mixture. Milk of Magnesia or lemon juice is excellent for bleaching. Massage your knees with this and allow it to remain on the skin for about 15 minutes. Then wash off. Apply a little hand lotion on the area to counteract the drying effect of bleaching.

Do this for two-three weeks.

PROBLEM SKIN

## HAVE WE SEEN THE LAST OF SMALL-POX?

dictum. For babies, the dilemma is somewhat solved by the overall directive of the paediatricians to contact the Corporation at the age of six months, but that is as far as the vaccine stocks exist. What happens when the existing stocks get exhausted and there is no replenishment? What is being done to prepare the expectant mothers and the parents of under one-year olds for that eventuality? A similar dilemma faces the adult as to whether or not immunization against small-pox is a continuing need.

For a tourist, especially planning to go out of India, there is confusion of a different kind. WHO's Global Commission for Certification of Small-pox Eradication, which met in December 1978, recommended that travellers should no longer be required to produce small-pox vaccination certificates at national frontiers. Following that, by June 1979, around 50 countries decided to drop compulsary vaccination against the disease and around 130 countries no longer required vaccination certificates from international travellers. WHO, however, made it amply clear that it was up to each government to assess the risks or benefits of continuing a policy of routine vaccination. In view of the above, it is imperative that the Indian situation and stance vis-a-vis small-pox be clarified.

If the disease is believed to have been eliminated, let the government and voluntary agencies launch a massive public education campaign in order to eliminate even the fear of small-pox, or else we will continue to face the situation prevailing in Palghar, 56 miles off Bombay.

## BELIEFS DIE HARD

Narrating the trials and tribulations of their work as vaccinators, this is what sisters Deshmukh and Sawant and Health Educator Bhase of Palghar had to say :

**Q. What was your mode of approach to the people living in the villages for the acceptance of the vaccination programme?**

**Queuing for small-pox vaccinations in Palghar.**

A. Naturally, we could not expect the rural folks living in the far-flung villages to come to us. So we went to them. Being clad in white sarees, we would be spotted from a distance or the village lads would carry the news. Children would then be quickly, hidden in the neighbours' houses, but there would be tell-tale items like the cradle, the toys, etc. And slowly we would pursuade the mothers to bring forth their kids from hiding.

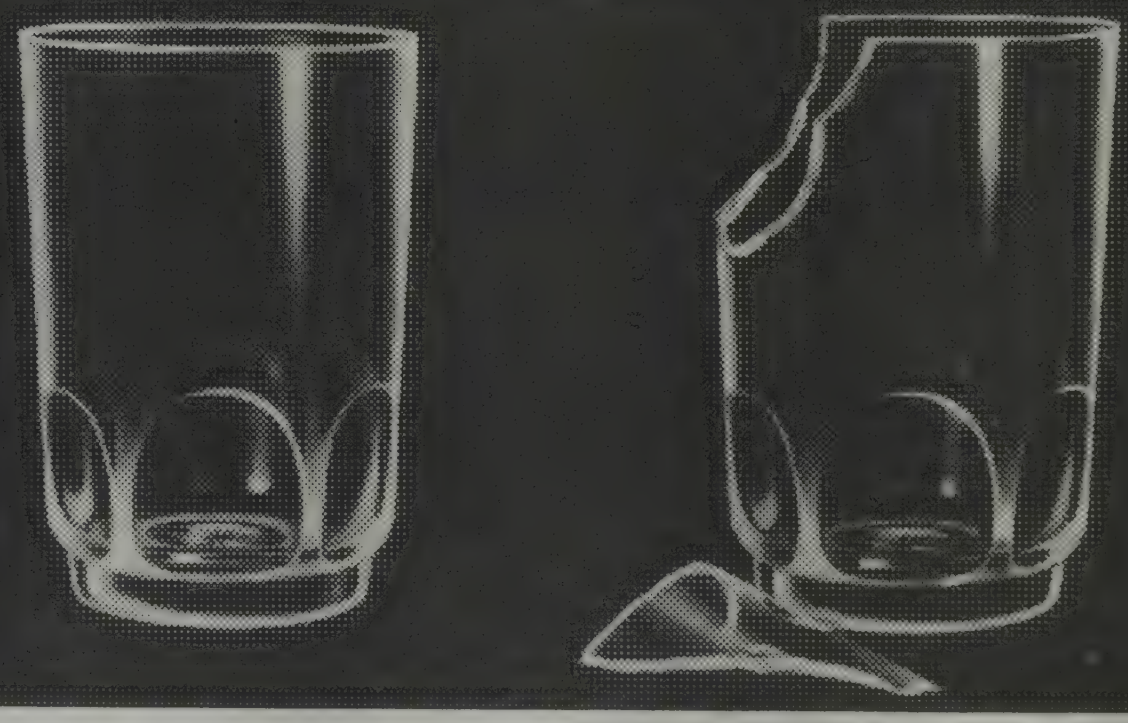
**Q. When did the real break come?**

A. In October 1962, India initiated a National Small-Pox Eradication Programme after which things improved a lot. One vaccinator was appointed for every 15,000 people and rather than indulging in mass vaccination, many times roping in the same people again and again, emphasis was placed an surveillance and containment of the disease. Freeze dried vaccine which had longer potency of life as also the bifurcated needle (to replace the rotary lance of earlier times) helped generate better acceptance of vaccination.

**Continued on page 47**

You won't know the difference from 6 cms away.

But you will know the difference 6 months from now !



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# THE INIMITABLE SEBASTIAN

**Kobita Sarkar**

After a month and a half in a virtually cook-bearerless state, one could hardly afford to turn one's nose up at Sebastian. Besides, I had made continuous frantic appeals to friends and relations in Calcutta for him to be sent to our mofussil station, and despite first reactions, it seemed that we were stuck with him. I did make a great show of going through his chits and asking all the ritual questions when he arrived, but that was merely to impress on him the fact that one could not easily trifle with the memsahib.

"Can you make sweets and 'achaars?' " I asked with deliberate illogicality. "Everything. ... everything," he said. From his testimonials he promised to be a genius to say the least, and from his assertions a copyrighted marvel. He moved in and made himself at home before I could show him where the kitchen was. He ordered all and sundry around as if he had been doing it for a lifetime, and before we were aware of it, we had been cowed into glowering submission.

We were all rather fed up and vaguely on the verge of demoralisation. and when there came someone who seemed willing to, if not necessarily capable of, running things, we felt relaxed. He was tall, fat and dark, and altogether gave the impression of great competence. He managed to look terrifying and amusing by turns depending on his mood. When he was in a fury, his violence (which began with banging pots and pans around loudly) had a way of creating a chain reaction that rippled to distant corners. When he was amused — and the most unlikely things seemed to have this effect on him — he shook with silent laughter, which made him look like a good natured genie.

The day after his arrival, the kitchen acquired a look of professional efficiency. The old-fashioned flue-stove was carefully pulled apart, exposing a number of glowing holes, and the chimney was continuously beaten with every available thing at hand. How it didn't collapse is a miracle. "Bad. . . chk, chk, chk. . . very bad!" he kept on muttering. I pretended to be a deaf-mute. It was not merely bad for cooking, it was practically useless for baking or fancy cooking. Nevertheless. on the third day, I did suggest he make a cake, just for the sake of discipline. "How can I?. . .No proper oven. Can't bake a cake!" "You don't know how to make cakes!" I said with a stare of complete innocence. "Of course, I can make cake. . . any cake. . .but not in that oven!" "I see," I said with a ponderous air. "I thought you could make cakes also. Your certificate said . . ." "All right, all right," he said, "I'll try. But it will go bad. Memsahib, get me an electric stove. Then. . ." he promised. "You just try with this first," I said brightly.

We didn't think much of his effort, but who had enough courage to say so openly?

The next transformation was equally unexpected. Our other retainer by sheer dint of years spent with the family dating before my marriage, managed to quarrel with or intimidate every servant we had acquired during our nomadic existence. Considering Sebastian's totalitarian methods, I was somewhat apprehensive.

"What do you think of him?" I asked gingerly after about a fortnight.

"Not much good! Anywhere else you would have kicked him out in two days, but he's good enough for this place. In any case, we'll have to put up with him for four months. After that . . ."and he smiled darkly.

Time proved that Sebastian could produce edible food, and experience showed that he had a multitude of names to cover the same dish. Fortunately, entertaining was on a modest scale, and I fondly hoped that by the second time I had the same guests, they would not observe the fact that the cream chicken and the Italian chicken bore a powerful resemblance to each other! He acquired some poultry and sold us the eggs and became, before the first month was out, one of the most popular members of the entire community. I got quite used to being told when I went to the kitchen on some emergency that Sebastian had "gone out." This covered a variety of pursuits — from a talk with the neighbour to a visit to the cinema — all, needless to say, without my permission.

We became aware of his gradual intrusion into other spheres of activity with the incident of the dhobi. The one we had acquired was rather unreliable from the start. His first attempt at washing proved indifferent and the second positively frightening — for he brought back my best silk sari complete with an artistic tear just where it made the garment totally unserviceable. I nearly burst a blood vessel and decided to sack him on the spot.

Fortunately I remembered in time that in this place there is a dhobi's union and no dhobi under pain of a heavy fine would replace this moron. I swallowed my rage — very reluctantly though.

**Continued on page 50**

HUMAN INTEREST STORY

Facing a physical affliction with courage and making the best of life in spite of it is not the easiest thing in the world. True accounts of heroism in real life.

# VICTIM OF A CONSPIRACY

**Mayah Balse**

"Since ages, mankind has witnessed saints being tortured, ridiculed, even murdered. Sometimes we wonder why. Why it's always the good who suffer, while the wicked get away with anything in the world — even murder. As the saying goes, it's the straight trees that are cut in a jungle and the crooked ones are left to grow alone."

Radha spoke these words in bitterness, a wild anger against the men who had destroyed her father. He was a police officer posted in one of the States and Radha was the eldest of five daughters born to him.

As children they enjoyed every conceivable luxury under the sun. They came from an affluent family and Mohan was different from the other police officials.

While they were busy in earning dishonest money and political intrigues, he was honest and sincere. He was aloof from them, a trifle uncomfortable because they were flouting principles that had been instilled in him for generations. He was intelligent, generous and cultured. They were loud and boorish. They accepted bribes and considered these a part of their profession. His rigid scruples rebelled against the very idea. But he was powerless to prevent them from indulging in shady deals. Their group was too powerful and entrenched for his sermons to have any effect on them. They resented his intervention, and later, his withdrawal from their activities left them with a vague disquiet. He was a threat to them. He might expose them any time, they thought. So they sought to get rid of him.

With his subordinates he was very strict. Wherever he was posted, he stopped all illegal incomes. He neither accepted bribes nor let his subordinates do so. This made him very unpopular. There was grumbling and discontent. "He doesn't need money, maybe. He has more than enough of it," they cried. "Why should he stop our irregular income? How can we manage on our salary?"

His colleagues resented many things — the luxurious house he had been able to build with his father's money, the Mercedes car he possessed, the annual sojourns he took with his family in cool hill stations, the expensive schooling he was able to give his daughters. When a son was born to him after five daughters, they were bitterly jealous.

Soon after, the boy died in a car accident. Mohan suffered a heart attack. His wife became a wreck.

This was a blessing in disguise for Mohan's rivals who were able to have his promotion withheld for medical reasons. Though he was seniormost, he was superseded. Three times when his turn came for promotion he was passed over. When this happened for the fourth time, Mohan put up a petition asking for an explanation. He pointed out that his A.C.R.s and records were flawless. He was in fine health now. There was no reason to withhold his promotion any longer. But this application did not create anything but further resentment. They feared his lofty principles and were averse to putting him in a position of power.

One day a few weeks later, Ram, the orderly who worked as an odd job man in Mohan's house, fell seriously ill. Mohan phoned the doctor and immediately afterwards, Ram was moved to the city hospital. Mohan kept track of the patient's progress. He had treated him almost like a member of the family. Suddenly, a phone call came from the hospital one day saying Ram had died.

It was a shock to Mohan's family. They had not thought he was so seriously sick.

Four weeks later, Mohan was alarmed to see a report in the newspaper about Ram's demise. It was alleged that Mohan's wife, Sundari, had beaten the man nearly to death, as a consequence of which he had been admitted to the hospital where he had succumbed to his injuries. The newspaper also said that Mohan had been on tour at the time. Mohan questioned his wife sharply to ascertain whether she had in reality raised her hand against the man. She denied it vehemently.

Mohan went to the police station and found that the widow of constable Ram had signed a statement giving an account of the beating. There was going to be an enquiry. Seeing the surly manner of the other police officials and the shifty-eyed woman who had made the statement, Mohan had no doubt at all that it was a plot to defame and get rid of him. He went home crestfallen.

One night, rather late, there was a knock on his door. Mohan slipped on a dressing gown and went to find out who the caller was. He was surprised to see a senior police official standing there. Expecting some trouble he asked him to come in. The man came into the sitting room and Mohan asked him if he would have some coffee. "No," said the man. "What I have to say, must be said soon. Then I must go."

"What is it?" Mohan asked.

"You are a rich man, aren't you? You can easily spare twenty thousand rupees?"

"You need twenty-thousand rupees?" asked Mohan.

"No," said the senior man. "I have your welfare at heart. That is why I am asking you to pay twenty-thousand rupees quietly, like the rest of us have done."

"I don't understand," said Mohan.

"Then listen. Those who superseded you, each paid that amount for their promotion. You too must pay and then everything will be all right. The death of Ram, your wife's involvement . . . You will be able to breathe freely again."

Mohan suffered a sudden pain in the heart. He broke out in a sweat. The tension of the last few days and shock of this announcement hit him badly. The caller was saying, "The mud slinging was just a warning. If you don't comply, worse may follow."

* * *

When the man had gone, Mohan sat on the sofa dazed. He could not get up. Radha came to him, observed his condition and wisely called the doctor. Mohan had another heart attack, but care and rest made him survive. He was weak in body but strong in his principles. He would not pay the money. Let them do their worst. The enquiry went through and the cause of Ram's death was shown to be natural. Not the result of any beating. Mohan had emerged triumphant.

But it was a short-lived release. He was relegated to C class districts and his promotion was withheld. Nor was this all. Having failed in the attempt to nail him for Ram's death, the trouble makers made another attempt. They accused him of using orderlies for his personal use. Mohan was undaunted. He wrote a rejoinder asking which of his colleagues or seniors weren't guilty of the same lapse — using orderlies in the house. They had no answer because it was a universal practice.

Once more he was superseded, this time by an officer two years junior to him. This was a blow from which he never recovered.

When his condition was serious he was taken, not to the Intensive Care Unit of the hospital where all medical facilities were immediately available, but to a cottage ward where no senior doctor attended. He was at the mercy of junior interns and nurses. When he had to be given an injection, Radha recalls, there was no syringe available to give him the life saving drug.

His last words were, "Oh God, relieve me from this pain." Yes, he was relieved from all wordly pain and the persecution that had hounded him all his life. But he left his family with a stigma. Even today, though the case is years old, people recall how the orderly, Ram, had died in a city hospital, and whisper that Mohan's wife killed him. They know nothing of the conspiracy which sought to defame a good officer and destroy all the high values that he upheld so staunchly in his life time.

# HI YA HONEY!

**By an Alves called Johnnie**

## EVERY WOMAN MUST HAVE A HUBBY AND A HOBBY

The idle mind is the most fertile ground for the devil to grow trees of mischief which spread like rank weeds. So if you have nothing else to do, take up a hobby. What is your spare time hobby then? Are you the one who is emphatic about "To hell with family planning, they come cheaper by the dozen"? If you think so, then you have an overtime job, and unless you make this hobby a howling success, you'll end up a crying failure.

Take my wife's friend Noel. She has a very grasping hobby — she likes to borrow things. One day she's going to screw up enough courage and say, "May I borrow your husband, please?" Honey, if it's not sugar, it's rice, but she has a preference for cash. People collect old coins, but Noel is not fussy. The irritating part of it all is that when she borrows money it's not only against her principle to pay interest, but also against her interest to pay the principal.

You should meet what my children call Laughing Laura. She thinks that she is a born commedienne, and her hobby is cracking jokes. I can understand that there is no such thing as a new joke, but her stories must have bored the citizens of Mohenjo-Daro. She makes it a point to tell you a joke, then laughs aloud and slaps you on your back, to make sure that you have swallowed what she told you.

I have always believed that a woman should have a hubby and a hobby, and both should be interesting. But there's nothing to choose between Usha's selection of either. Her hobby is flower arrangement. She should try arranging her husband and come up with something presentable. One look at him luv, and you'll wonder if there were any other survivors. If a vine tree saw Usha's arrangement of flowers and twigs, it would climb up and strangle her. She has a very realistic arrangement of a large bark with branches in her garden. She calles this "Invitation." She does not have to water it, the dogs do it for her.

Then there is Rose, whom the boys around call a motor mechanic. She is always taking off attire. And her hobby is looking for a husband. She's ready and willing to enter into a give and take marriage. The trouble is she cannot find anyone who'll take what she has to give. Every night she prays, "Dear God, I don't ask a thing for myself, just send my parents a son-in-law."

Her friend Madeline collects recipes. Honey, she has so many recipes, she could make Isidore Coelho's collection look like a scrap book. Every time she eats something in my house, even if it's last night's fried fish, she'll say, "Babs, can I have the recipe?" I am told she took cooking lessons before she was married. It must have been a course in ten greasy lessons. With all her recipes, she cannot cook a thing. All she succeeds in doing is bringing her husband to a boil. One night last week, Madeline got up from her sleep because she heard a sound in the kitchen. She woke her husband and said, "Fred, I heard someone open the refrigerator, I think he is eating the casserole which I prepared last night." "Go back to sleep," said her husband. "I'll bury him in the morning."

Yes, I am inclined to believe that every lady should have an engrossing hobby. Some of course insist on collecting males. These girls who collect males have no difficulty in keeping the wolves from the door — they invite them in. Alma is only an insurance man's daughter, but the boys like her policy. She really has a way with men. Honey, she knows so much about sex that the birds and bees study her.

So luv, if you want to keep out of mischief, cultivate a hobby. If alas! you want to keep out of hubby, cultivate a mischief.

Until the next time then.

# WEST GERMAN POLITICIANS: in good shape

Politicians in West Germany engage in keep fit activities to appear vigorous and well preserved. Physical fitness is a must if they are to shoulder their vast responsibilities and survive the tensions of office. But of course, being public figures they avoid the limelight in their sporting activities, confining their exercises to privately-owned swimming pools like that of Foreign Minister Genscher, or playing team games in sports clubs with restricted membership.

The fact that keeping in good shape is prerequisite for mastering the strains o government was recognized by Konrad Adnauer, this country's first Chancellor after the Second World War. He not only had an illustrious political career but lived to his nineties, perhaps as a result of his long walks, his habit of climbing stairs instead of using lifts, and playing a Mediterranean ball game called Boccia.

Those close to the current Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, are of the opinion that he is very fit, even though he does little consciously to stay in form. When he is in office in Bonn he rarely walks further than the few hundred metres from his official premises. Sometimes he has a game of table-tennis with his wife around midnight when he has finished wading through files, and to train his brain he plays chess against a computer. The Chancellor does more for his body at a lake up in the north German state of Schleswighostein where he often spends his holidays.

The man who is currently aspiring to the office of Chancellor is the opposition politician from the right wing, Franz Joseph Strauss, whose hobby is hunting game in the forests of his home-state Bavaria.

State Secretary and chief government spokesman Klaus Boelling prefers to swim in Chancellor Schmidt's swimming pool.

The swimming pool built at the Presidential residence for the last but one President, Gustav Heinemann, is now empty because the present holder of the highest office prefers to live in his own home and prefers long hikes and push-ups to breast-stroke.

The man actually responsible for sport in this country, Interior Minister Gerhart Baum, also enjoys swimming and long walks. He takes every opportunity to get out in the fresh air. Agriculture Minister Josef Ertl not only is a good skier, but is also president of the German Ski Federation.

It would seem that time is lacking for such leisurely sports as riding and golf because very few politicians engage in them. They appear to prefer vigorous fast sports.

Squash is catching on among the younger politicians. It is said not only to train the body rigorously but also to be good for the reflexes. The Chancellors and Ministers of tomorrow will need that type of fitness in view of the current tensions of world politics.

**Sheila Alauddin**

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# PEOPLE KNOWN AND

Talk about science fiction! **Dr. Rashmi Mayur,** noted futurologist and environmentalist, dropped a bombshell the other day. According to him, plans are already underway in the U.S. to construct a space city 125,000 miles above the earth. Dr. Mayur is connected with the project prepared by the space institute of Princeton University. The work will begin sometime in 1983 and will be completed in another two decades. The cost of building this city would be around 60 billion dollars, which is 10 billion dollars more than what the U.S. pays to import its oil. The material for building the city would be mined from the moon and the asteroids. About 10,000 people

from earth would go as the first settlers and non-polluting solar energy would be used to power the city. All waste will be recycled. There will be gardens and orchards and it will be a civilized man's dream come true. "The city would provide a pleasant and enjoyable environment without the problems of congestion, pollution and many of the diseases," said an enthusiastic Dr. Mayur. Too good to be true? Wait till 2010 and see!

* * *

Remember the late Papa Doc and his voodoo witchcraft, who supposedly made zombie slaves of dead people? Brr, sends a shiver down your spine, doesn't it? Whether Papa Doc was really a Witchdoctor is debatable, but the Duvalier family has continued its dictatorship of Haiti for 22 years. Recently, his son **Jean-Claude Duvalier** (28), President for Life of Haiti, better known as the chubby "Baby Doc", married **Michele Bennett,** (27). The couple emerged under crossed sabres from the freshly done up cathedral in Port-au-Prince. The wedding cost the impoverished country $3 million. Papier-mache roses decked the city streets and free soup and rum were served to all. After the country's most lavish social event in two decades was over, the bride said smilingly, "We'll make lots of children and live happily ever after." Whether the 101-gun salute and the exploding of $100,000 worth of fireworks made other Haitians as happy as the bride and groom is anybody's guess.

* * *

All **Kenneth Evans-Loude** wanted to do was to draw a fertility symbol on one of the chalk hills that dot England's southern coast. It wasn't as if this hadn't been done before. In fact, it is a tradition, dating back to heathen times, to carve fertility symbols like horses and men on these hills. But the local residents, as well as some eminent scholars, have objected to Evans-Loude's

proposed drawing and have complained bitterly in the august columns of the "Times". The reason for such stirring of emotions? The British artist wants to etch a 70-metre-high chalk silhouette of the "blonde bombshell" **Marilyn Monroe** as a fertility symbol on a hillside in the sleepy Southern England village of Cerne Abbas!

* * *

Exit, a 45-year-old society previously known as the Voluntary Euthanasia Society, has changed its name but not its aim. Its secretary, **Nicholas Reed,** was recently "interviewed" by the police following the death (a possible suicide) of a badly crippled multiple sclerosis victim. This has forced Exit to postpone the publication of its controversial "Do it yourself guide to suicide" intended for incurably ill and incapacitated elderly people, while the association seeks legal advice on whether it can be prosecuted. Earlier, Reed had said that the booklet did not advocate suicide as a way out, it was only trying to make it less messy and painful to those who were going to take their life anyway.

* * *

Even **Karl Marx** couldn't have done better. The father of Communism would be proud of the "Atheist's Pocket Dictionary" brought out by the Soviet Union. When the new edition hit the stalls last year in that country, more than 100,000 copies were snapped up in a matter of days. Following Marx's ideas, the dictionary conforms to the basic Marxist line that religion is either pure superstition or "the opium of the people." Other definitions are equally delightful. God is an idea "used to justify and protect the social order of exploiters." And heaven is a catchword to distract people from "the real tasks of the Communist rearrangement of life on earth." Conversely, hell dampens "the rage of the working people against their oppressors by planting a hope that the latter will be punished after death." And what does atheism mean? "Atheism," readers are told, "serves the cause of spiritual liberation of the working masses from the burden of prejudices and delusions of the past."

# UNKNOWN

**Sombay has the most number of women office workers in India, who come daily from their homes in the distant suburbs to the southern most tip of Bombay called Nariman Point. During the evenings it is a nightmare to get a bus. In this situation, Electronics Ltd. has come up with a splendid idea to help the harassed women commuters. It has reduced its expenditure on ads and has instead painted them on a bus. This bus now plies between Churchgate station and Nariman Point for two-and-a-half hours every morning every 15 minutes and again in the evening from Nariman Point to Churchgate station. What is more, this service is free for all women. Will the unknown good samaritan who thought of this novel idea come forward and put up his/her hand please?**

**Lakshmi Narayan**

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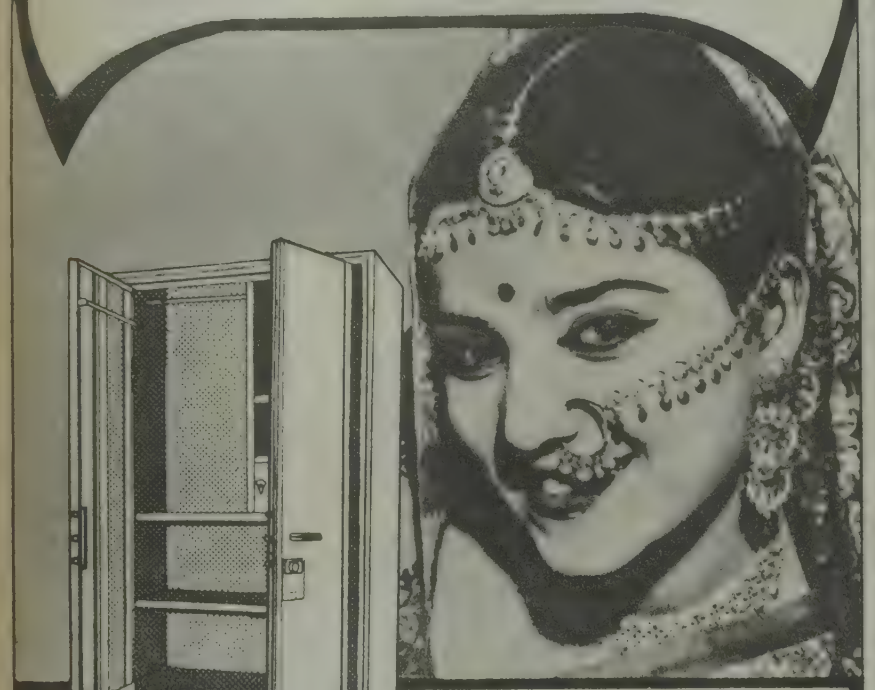

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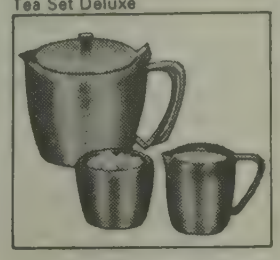

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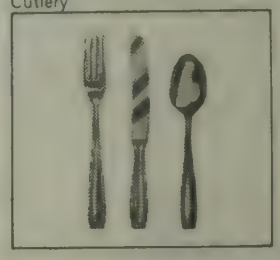

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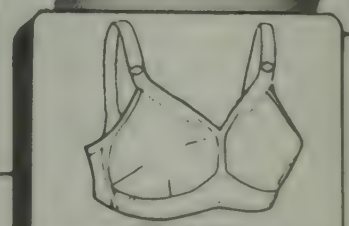

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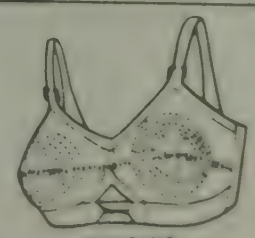

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# LIFE'S A FUNNY THING

A spoonful of humour
to make
the medicine go down

This time, dear hearts, I'm going to start out with some confessions because, as some immortal man put it, confession is good for the soul. . .

Susie is unreasonable at times. She goes into hysterics every time she sees me in my shorts with the yellow polka dots.

My son, Sunder, doesn't know it, but whenever I'm a bit short I take a hammer to his piggybank and replace the money on payday.

My daughter, Sushila, for some reason only she knows, wants to learn how to play the clarinet. The clarinet, yes. I don't want to get dirty looks from Benny Goodman if I ever meet him in heaven. I also think I'm heading for the other place.

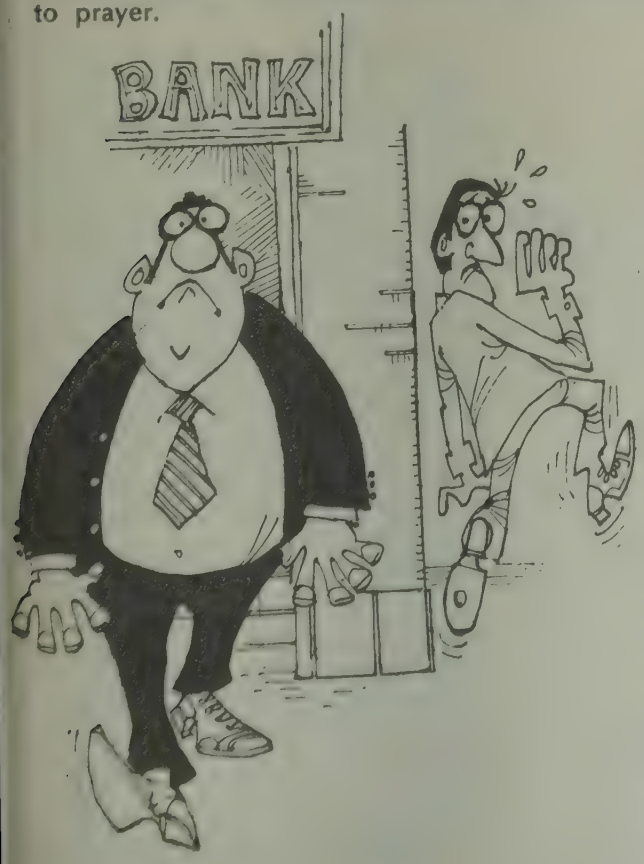
* * *

If you think all this doesn't wear out my nerves, you're wrong. I'm a person who could make **coffee** nervous.

The other day, I took my delightful family to a five-star hotel for lunch. God help me! I read the menu from right to left but it didn't help a bit. They still have to revive me from a faint when the bill came and I twisted the hotel manager's arm to let me pay it in four instalments.

My revered Aunt (still living) keeps on insisting, "If you **must** drink, drink what a fish does."

I'm terrified of my bank manager and flee into side alleys at his approach. When you own it, money gives you a superiority complex. When you don't own it, you turn to prayer.




My cook got drunk on Saturday last and served us a huge fish that would have started swimming if you'd thrown it, dish and all, back into the sea. The fish had dents in it because every time the cook hiccuped, the knife went in.

* * *

My son has more intelligence than I do. At least he can ask questions I can't answer. His latest: "Dad, why is it that some twins look like one another and others don't?" Now, that one had me up a wall and I **still** don't know.

I'm a failure at Modern Art and Modern Music. At the last exhibition I went to, I saw a painting called "Solitude" and what do you think it showed. An empty shower, with a cigarette simmering on a nearby window-sill.

I'm a live-and-let-live man. Have to be, otherwise about twenty-four people would now be wearing halos.

The last time I sang at a church choir, the organist resigned.

* * *

Professionally, I'd made Tata and Khatau weep. I try hard at my job, but the only time I get a rise is when I wear elevator shoes. My earnings would bring a sneer to the lips of a shoe-shine, but everything has its bright side. My income-tax can be written down without the ink damping the paper.

I've just given up billiards. The last time I played, the ball humped off the table and landed in the pocket of a resplendent sherwani.

Who ever pays bills? I do. Fully nine months after I've run them up.

The Production Executive in my office takes things too literally. His wife is "that way" for the ninth time. He's never heard of red triangles.

I'm accused of not loving babies. That's the trouble with people. They go around telling the absolute truth.

* * *

Then, since I always try new things, I bought myself a can of paint with a pilferproof lid. I haven't got the goshdarn thing open yet. The instructions must have been inside.

And my pal, Jude, from Santa Cruz, had to be carried to the hospital. His complaint, literally, was a funny one. He couldn't stop laughing. He started when I was carrying a dozen eggs in a paper bag and slipped on an orange peel. And his doting mother had the nerve to send me the bill.

Oh well, as the cannibal chief said to the missionary, "My friends, I'll keep things hot for you."

**SUNNY**

## THE COLOURS IN THE BUBBLE

**Continued from page 29**

the invitation on his afternoon rounds. I put on my white dress and my new shoes and sat on the verandah bench waiting for the mailman. Tina's gift was beside me.

Then I saw the postman coming round the corner. I went into the house and watched from a half-open window. He did not even pause. He walked right past our gate. And then I knew for sure. I went inside. Tearing the wrapping off Tina's apron I crumpled it into a ball and threw it on the floor. I took off my white dress and got into my home clothes. I started to take off my shoes, but then the tears came. I lay on my bed with my face pressed into the pillow and cried for a long time. My throat hurt and it was hard to breathe.

After a while the tears stopped. I smoothed out the apron, washed my face, and went to the verandah again. "Why does Tina hate me so?" I wondered. And then I remembered a few days back at school Miss had asked Tina why her mother could not even glance at the homework Tina had to do. "But Miss, mother is away at the club all evening."

"But surely your father can spare a few minutes?" the teacher had asked.

"Miss, Daddy is away in Bombay all the time. He only comes for a day or two in a month and all the time Mummy and he talk of money, expenses. He brings me presents and pats me on the head. He doesn't bother about my studies."

There was a catch in her voice and she must have noted the pity in my eyes as she turned to return to her desk. Perhaps she resented my pity.

Soon my father came out and placed a bowl of soapy water beside me. Then he put a small pipe on my lap. I dipped it into the soapsuds and blew a family of small bubbles which flew away on the soft wind. I began to blow a large bubble. Then it floated away.

As I looked at it, just before it burst, I saw the most lovely colours. I saw the sky and the trees. I saw the back door of my house, and although I did not see my parents, I knew they were there. I saw all the fragile wonders of the world. And I was happy again.

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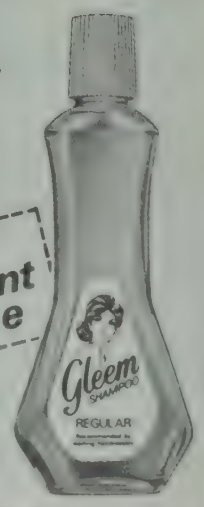


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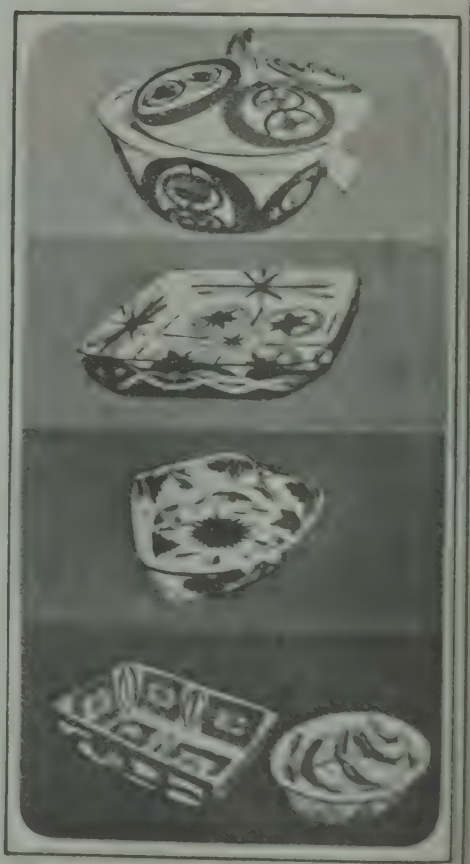

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## HAVE WE SEEN THE LAST OF SMALL- POX?

Continued from page 37

**Q. Do you think that small-pox is finally wiped out from India?**

A. It is hard to say. In the remotest of villages, there may be people who might have dodged vaccination successfully. One can only hope that there are no hidden foci lurking.

**Q. What do the people believe?**

A. With the medical personnel themselves wary of a categorical pronouncement, it is easy to detect a similar uncertain feeling among the people. Recently, after it was announced that vaccinations will be given until the stocks last (thereafter the manufacture of the vaccine is to stop), there has been an unusual rush for primary vaccination for the babies!

**No Room For Scepticism**

However, scepticism regarding the elimination of small-pox does not seem to be justified by facts. The 16-member International Commission appointed by WHO comprising experts in epidemiology and infectious diseases from many countries, announced the verdict on small-pox in India after screening through government data and on the spot assessment in a number of villages. Even the bait of a thousand rupees which has been given the widest possible publicity (inscribed on the thatched walls of the village huts) did not bring forth any authentic case. Confusion arises becauses no planned effort has so far been made to educate the public on the lack of necessity for routine vaccination. We believe this should be done as early as possible.

**Ancillary Risks**

WHO has already applied its mind to the control of the pathological laboratories storing the Variola (Small-Pox) Virus. There are at least 16 laboratories in the world retaining the virus, i.e. if every country has disclosed the truth. In the present strife torn world, the role of such a lethal virus for purposes of biological warfare and its impact on a population devoid of any natural immunity cannot be overstated. In 1978 itself, there was a freak accident reported in England when a laboratory worker inadvertently came in close contact with the virus and died, and passed on the infection to two others who also succumbed to the disease.

As victory over small-pox gets recognised as a certainty, scepticism has to give way to a new hope — the hope for overcoming other serious maladies. In India itself, a trained cadre of 150,000 workers who were deployed to fight small-pox could be an effective army to help fight and vanquish other dreaded diseases.

## FRANKLY SPEAKING

**Devi**

# KUNAL: Yet Another Kapoor chromosome

Chintu was down with a nervous breakdown; but natural with three shifts — one at the studio, one at home and one quickie at a five-star hotel. At least his room there carries a "do not disturb" sign. The illness came handy for Raj Kiran, who had in any case drawn notice in "Karz", and in spite of a thanda response to the film initially, people were all praise for Raj Kiran. He has bagged a prestige role in Raj Khosla's new film opposite Khola (Padmini Kohlapuri), and of course Nutan plays the pivotal role.

Kohla is signing films with Mithun's speed, but still carries the Kapoor camp awe, and Kunal happens to be a Kapoor, Shashi Kapoor's son, so she is working opposite him in "Ahista Ahista" directed by Esmayeel Shroff. The last time I saw Kunal at some Shashi Kapoor jubilee was about two years ago. He was with Zeenat. He looked like any other lobster coloured Anglo-Indian. But Esmayeel insists he looks like any other Punjabi. Maybe he gets a kick making deities out of clay.

He avoids bigness with a vengeance and talks of his "miti ka diya." "I gave chance to Kader Khan. I made 'Thodisi Bewafaii' with the unknown Rizvis, I took Sushant Ray in the film. I will make you a dialogue writer." But I am a dialogue writer without a film. So far people are making merry flicking my thoughts and writings.

I was quite surprised when V. Shantaram sent for Esmayeel to congratulate him for the direction of "Thodisi Bewafaii". Filmwallas, however big, do not think beyond their own blood cells. The riddle was solved when I saw the credit titles of the film. Sushant Ray is after all the grandson of V. Shantaram. That is how he has got his break in "Chaani".

Anyway, Esmayeel is going to be my director, and I hope I do not antagonise him before I put my signature and take the signing amount. The director saab insists he likes modest things, clay to mould, unknown talent waiting to be discovered. I am different. I strip idols to show their feet of clay. I do not mind smallness. I am comfortable in a dharmashala, but the blaze of chandelliers on the heights of Himalayas do not blind me either. I do not run out of breath on heights. I am used to them.

* * *

And the Rajesh-Dimple story has turned into such a Jugal Kishore screenplay with three of them running parallel: One of Rajesh the caveman beating up the wife, complete with the Prevention of Cruelty to Women leading the side cast. Two, the lawyer trying for a patch-up, asking for postponement in court, wooing Dimple instead of going through law books and proceeding with the matter, Chuniya and Rajesh buddy-buddy (strategy, courtesy Devi). Third, Dimple wanting free lodging, bed and breakfast in "Aashirvad" but working in films. The last screenplay has a side track of Vijayendra. And a journalist from Pune says that Rajesh and Dimple should beware of public appearances together. They will get juthas from the public who insist it is a publicity stunt.

**PS: The screenplay has now ended (or is it an interval?) with Rajesh flying to Madras, Dimple following him and both calling on Shri Balaji of Tirupathi, complete with temple bells.**

# PEOPLE AND EVENTS

## BOMBAY

Kala Sangam, Bombay, has been formed by a group of music lovers headed by Bobby Sethi, now settled in Bombay, who is a well known figure in the world of music in Eastern India, and the founder of Kala Sangam, an elite music organisation in Calcutta. The late Ustad Amir Khan, was the Founder President of this organisation.

The group has committed itself to employing all its resources to take on wide ranging and somewhat ambitious programmes with art disciplines and the requisite aids. Foremost among them is to aid young talented children to receive training under the guidance of able masters by awarding an annual scholarship, and to encourage and assist new and up coming artistes by providing them with a platform to perform on.

To achieve these challenging goals, Kala Sangam plans to organise and arrange the production and exhibition of selected music and other allied programmes — ballets, operas, dance, folk arts, and encourage original compositions and choreography.

Kala Sangam's inaugural conference is being held at the Birla Matushri Sabhagar on October 1, 2 and 3. The programme is highlighted by the presence of some of the greats of Indian classical music — Pandit Bhimsen Joshi, Prof. Nikhil Banerjee, Kishori Amonkar, Ustad Amjad Ali Khan, Yamini Krishnamurthy, and the well established duo, Singh Bandhus. Tickets are priced at a reasonable rate.

* * *

"Amrapali Boutique" of Madras will hold an exhibition-cum-sale of Sabita Radhakrishna's designs on organdy, mull, Venkatagiri and zari saris and on salwar suit lengths on September 22, 23, 24, 1980, at Aakar Art Gallery, Bhulabhai Desai Road, and on September 25 and 26 at CKP Club Hall, Linking Road, Khar.

* * *

The Maharashtra State Women's Council celebrated Independence Day at Asha Sadan. Mrs. Pramilaben Yagnik, Minister for Social Welfare, Maharashtra, unfurled the National Flag and addressed the gathering. Mrs. Thrity H. J. Taleyarkhan, President, MSWC, welcomed the Chief Guest and gave a brief account of the work done by the Council and traced the growth and development of Asha Sadan from its Inception 60 years ago. Mrs. Sushila Joshi, Chairman, Rescue Home Committee, proposed a vote of thanks.

* * *

The Shivali Cultural Society of India, an organisation devoted to the promotion of Indian classical dances is organising its "6th All India Young Dancers Festival" at the FICCI Golden Jubilee Auditorium, New Delhi, on October 23, 24 and 25, 1980. Those desirous of participating in the festival are requested to contact C. M. Rana, Secretary, Shivali Cultural Society of India, F/2, Daswani Apartments, Four Bungalows Road, Andheri (West), Bombay-58.

* * *

The Indian Chapter of the Ohara School of Ikebana is organising a charity premiere of the Columbia film, "The China Syndrome", on September 12, 1980, at 9.30 p.m. at New Excelsior theatre. The proceeds of the show will be donated to underprivileged and needy institutions.

* * *

Hotel Oberoi Towers presented a special night in honour of Independence Day, entitled,

1

2

3

1. At the Independence Day celebrations of the Republic of Indonesia held at Hotel Oberoi Towers, Bombay, are seen (from left) Mrs. M. Heric, Mrs. S. Poedjowarsito, Mrs. J. Jasper, Mr. S. Arsad, Consul, Indonesia, Mrs. A. Al-Shubaili, and Mrs. S. Arsad.

2. At the opening of "Shahnaz Herbal" in Rome, are seen (from left) Darlene Morreake, Shahnaz Husain, and Ann Bradley.

3. At a function held at Ambassador Hotel, Bombay, for Mr. Mrinal Sen (3rd from left) on his appointment as Manager, Quantas Airways, for India and nearby countries are seen (from left) a guest, Mr. R. Narang, M. D., Ambassador Hotel Sky Chef, Mrs. M. Ranadive, Mrs. S. Arora, Mr. R. Ranadive, Mr. G. Arora, G. M. Mr. A. Ghai, and Mr. O. P. Sud.

4

"From India With Love," in the Regal Room.

Cuisine representing the large variety of tastes which makes Indian Food so popular all over the world was presented in a lavish buffet-dinner. Sudarshan and Jaya Dheer and their troupe performed a series of exquisite Indian dances including a Diya Dance and a Mughal Darbari. Against a beautifully detailed Indian setting, Jani Babu and his group also presented an exclusive 'Qawali' programme.

* * *

Mr. Baburao Sadwelkar, and members of the Langhammer Art Panel of the Indo German Cultural Society inaugurated an exhibition of original water colours by Mariana Fedorova at the Jehangir Art Gallery. Justice Mr. B. N. Deshmukh was the chief guest. Dr. Eva Lindemann, Consul General of the Federal Republic of Germany, graced the occasion.

Mariana Fedorova's reactions to her visit to India are reflected in her "Lord Ganesha" series of paintings.

## DELHI

The Partha Institute of Personality Development held a function at which Mr. V. P. Sathe, Union Minister of Information and Broadcasting was the chief guest. Mr. Sathe gave away the prizes to the winners of the Canara Bank Inter-School Quiz Contest.

Mrs. Tara Ali Baig, President, International Union for Child Welfare, presided. Mr. M. S. Joshi, Editor, Saptahik Hindustan, presided over the seminar on "Teacher-Child Relationship: The Child's Point of View", which was also held on the occasion.

## CALCUTTA

The art of floral decoration has become so popular in Indian cities that a new organisation named Pushpa-Bitan has been formed to cultivate floral and co-related arts in India and abroad. The members plan to organise monthly meetings for workshops, demonstrations on floriculture, and film shows. The Pushpa-Bitan held its opening ceremony at the Calcutta Club. The four founder members are Kazuko Nigam (Wa-fukai), Uma Vaid (Bonsai), Lakshmi Gidwani (Chiko school) and Uma Basu (Kusumika).

* * *

The Shilpi Samsad mourned the death of Uttam Kumar in a meeting at Mahajati Sadan. Many well-known actors and actresses paid their homage to this perennial hero who died so suddenly. The stage was decorated with stills from Uttam Kumar's films.

* * *

The Soroptimist Club held an interesting lecture and discussion session on the 'Generation Gap' at the La Martinere School for Girls. The speaker, Miss Krishna Ghosh, analysed this universal malaise. A lively discussion followed the meeting.

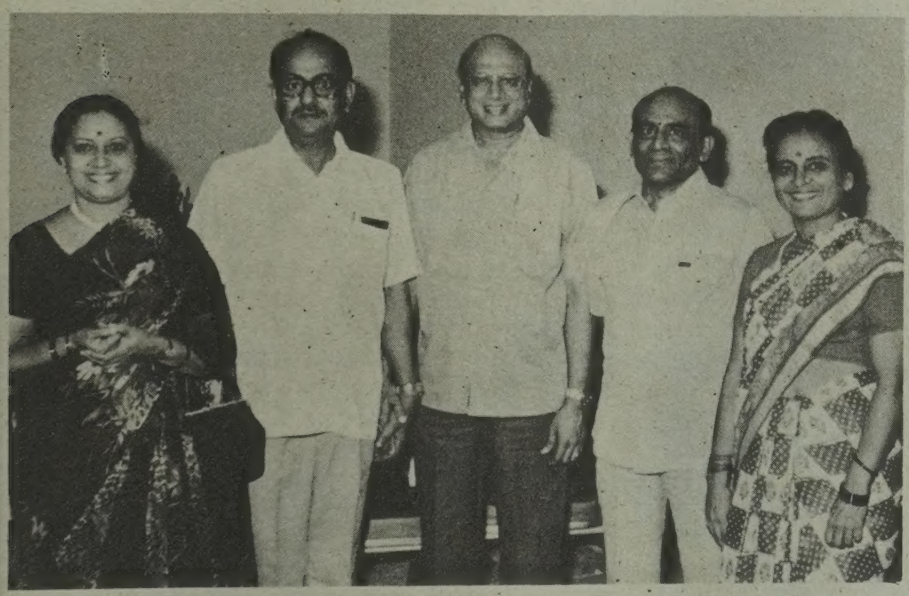
* * *

A function to observe the birth centenary of Prem Chand was held at the National Library. An exhibition of books by him and on him was inaugurated by the Governor of West Bengal.

## BANGALORE

Hotel Harsha decided to launch new items on its menu by organising a cookery demonstration in collaboration with Voltas, distributors for Volita Jelly Crystals, Custard Powder and Mealmaker. Over 150 ladies witnessed Gudi Lamba's demonstration at the jam packed Banquet Hall recently. To make the function a little more interesting, Hotel Harsha had a few competitions for which several prizes were given away by Mr. Gupta, Branch Manager, Voltas.

* * *



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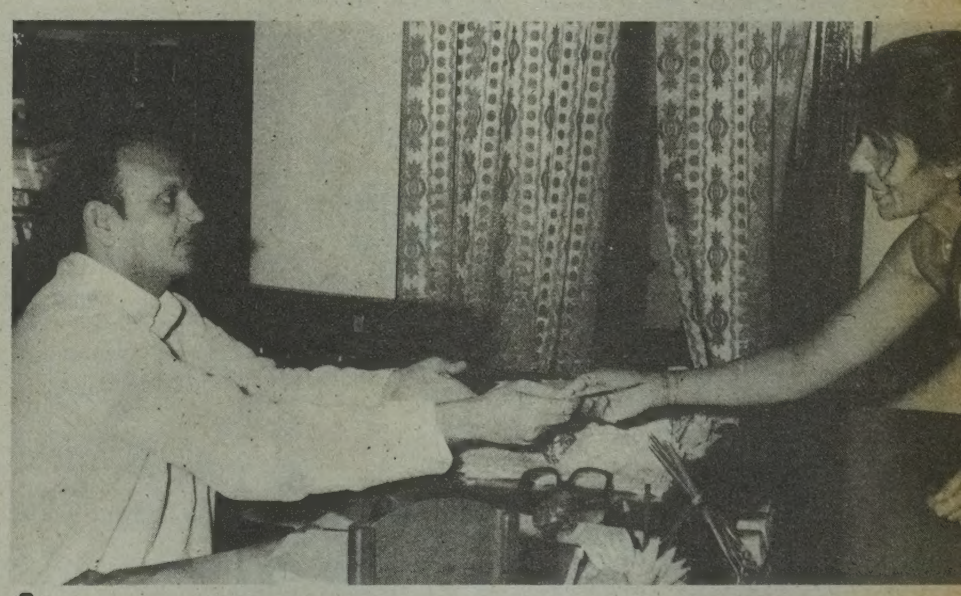

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4. Mrs. Pramilaben Yagnik, Minister for Social Welfare, Maharashtra, unfurling the National Flag at the Independence Day celebrations of the Maharashtra State Women's Council at Asha Sadan, Bombay. Also seen are Mrs. Khorshed Aga, Mrs. Thrity Taleyarkhan, President, MSWC, and Mrs. Sushila Joshi.

5. A farewell dinner was hosted for Mr. P. N. Angrish, Commercial Manager, Indian Airlines, by Mr. S. Srinivasan, Manager, Air India, Madras, (2nd & 3rd from left) at Hotel Taj Coromandel. Also seen are (from left) Mrs. Molly Joseph, Captain J. Joseph and Mrs. Padma Angrish.

6. Mrs. Swarna Mohanty, President, Railway Women's Organisation RDSO, Lucknow, presents Rs. 5000 to Mr. Vishwanath Pratap Singh, Chief Minister, Uttar Pradesh, on behalf of the organisation towards the Chief Minister's Distress Relief Fund.

7. Members of Pushpa Bitan, an organisation formed for the promotion of floral arts, are seen at their inaugural meeting at the Calcutta Club.

7

# THIS WEEK FOR YOU

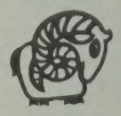
FOR THE WEEK SEPT. 14 — 20, 1980

John Naylor

## IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK :

**A restless sort of year — but unexpected changes will work out well for you. You may link up with a person — either in business or in a close relationship — someone full of energy and enthusiasm and he or she will have a most fortunate effect on your affairs for a period. Moneywise, you'll be working out new schemes for profit. Your dealings with officialdom turn out well for you. If unattached, you will meet romance while on the move or in unfamiliar surroundings.**

### ARIES



(Mar 22 — Apr 20)

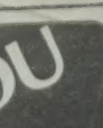
You may have not been feeling your best lately, but some pleasing news, or some money luck, will lift your spirits, but life will remain rather confusing throughout September. A new heart interest will occur soon.

### TAURUS

(Apr 21 — May 21)

Mars in opposition to your sign for a few weeks will make for a potentially quarrelsome atmosphere. An ardent, possibly unwise, love affair, could add to your complications. A time to let your head rule your heart — and to avoid impulsive decisions.

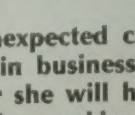
### GEMINI



(May 22 — June 21)

Try to keep abreast of routine work, tedious chores and duty jobs. A good week for both business and personal life, although you might be careless with your cash. There may be a minor windfall.

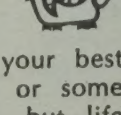
### CANCER



(June 22 — July 23)

Be inclined to give the benefit of the doubt to an old friend if you have heard rumour or gossip against her. Social opportunities abound, with romance if unattached. The 15th is a good date for meetings and interviews.

### LEO



(July 24 — Aug 23)

Vigorous stars favour new plans being formed, minor changes go ahead. A relative proves helpful. The first half of the week is good for buying domestic equipment.

### VIRGO



(Aug 24 — Sept 23)

A fresh initiative in a personal ambition will make it move ahead pleasingly. Good news early in the week inspires you and an unexpected encounter proves helpful. Tie up loose ends in business negotiations or family matters.

### LIBRA

(Sept 24 — Oct 23)

You can change direction, if you want, in the near future. Any rise in your status will bring more responsibility and work, but efforts will be worth while. Mercury aids communication.

### SCORPIO

(Oct 24 — Nov 22)

News or changes lead you into an adventurous new phase. Monday should be a red-letter day for you with an influential friend in the picture. A romance could begin quite suddenly.

### SAGITTARIUS

(Nov 23 — Dec 22)

A good start to the week, with support from influential quarters. Behind-the-scenes activities are important. Someone speaks well of you if seeking promotion. Avoid hasty action on the 17th.

### CAPRICORN

(Dec 23 — Jan 20)

You will be feeling more confident more enthusiastic about your tasks. Minor harrassments over the past two months, may fade away. You can lack self-confidence sometimes, but rise to challenges.

### AQUARIUS

(Jan 21 — Feb 19)

Watch your spending for a week or so. Also be tactful in close relatioship, even if you are being taken for granted a little too much. Mid-week brings a minor business opportunity which could lead to better things. Plenty of social activity if you've time.

### PISCES

(Feb 20 — Mar 21)

Take a new approach in areas where not much seems to be happening! Don't be content to stay in a rut. Success that may have been denied you over the past two years will shortly be within your grasp. But avoid unnecessary cash risks.

## THE INIMITABLE SEBASTIAN

**Continued from page 39**

Apparently Sebastian had suffered a similar loss, for he came up to me, livid, with a hopeless tear in his shirt, which also, it transpired, was the handiwork of the dhobi.

"Sack him, madam" he ordered. "I'd love to," I said. "But what do we do after that?" and I proceeded to enlighten him on the local conditions. "Never mind," he said "I'll get you a dhobi!" "Fair enough," I said. A short while later Sebastian greeted me with a broad grin. "If you sack a dhobi, you can't get another one?" he asked with an air of calculated innocence. "That's right."

"But if he resigns, then madam can get the work done — yes? Madam can have another dhobi — yes?" "How am I going to make him resign? He can't even understand me when I ask him anything simple." "He will resign," Sebastian promised.

When the dhobi came again, I happened to be around the store room. I kept him waiting deliberately. "You will resign!" I heard Sebastian thundering. "But why?" asked the dhobi casually. "You have torn madam's sari and six bed sheets, and sahib's shirts and a table cloth, and..."

The dhobi's protesting murmur which ran parallel with this enumeration of his crimes came at last to the fore. "...only one old sari," I heard. "Everything I said!" thundered Sebastian. "I'm going to show them to the president of your union... and I'm going to have you fined a hundred rupees." "I won't wait," protested the dhobi. "I'm going back... And don't do that to me!" the last words ending in a blood curdling yell!

I rushed out to see Sebastian standing over him with a carving knife, gory from his previous efforts in the kitchen, rolling his eyes till only the whites showed. "You resign — or. . ." he brandished the knife.

I felt this was decidely going too far and called him aside. "What are you doing?" I whispered horrified. "You please go away, madam," he said. "You too kind. I make him resign. Don't you worry." "But you can't threaten him!" I protested. "I'm not threatening him. I'm only telling him to resign," was the bland faced reply.

I could have sworn that there was a twinkle in his eye, despite the solemn expression. I went away, to get more help, while the threatening and the wailing continued for a while.

Ten minutes later, Sebastian greeted me with a piece of paper which he waved triumphantly in his hand. "What's this?" "Dhobi's resignation... With stamps. All legal. Madam can get new dhobi now." And he walked away before I could ask any more questions.

The paper read in effect: "I am resigning because I am a no good dhobi and have torn lots of things (followed by a mythical enumeration) in this house."

A revenue stamp pilfered from my desk was stuck at the bottom, and the dhobi's (doubtless reluctant) thumbprint made an undignified blob over it.

At the side was written: WITNIS, and against it, Sebastian's signature, sprawly and massive, like himself.

# Working out the right colour scheme is as important as getting the right shade

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**1** Certain colours are warm (red, yellow, orange); others are cool (blue, green, violet)

**2** Some colours reflect light (white and pastel colours); others absorb light (dark colours).

**3** Colours change under different light conditions—dark colours look brighter in a large, well-lit room, while pastel colours tend to look paler under artificial light.

**4** Light colours create an illusion of space, while dark colours make a room look smaller.

Have fun with colours. The choices are innumerable The effect will be your own special creation. Only remember, colour harmony does not apply only to walls, wood and metal surfaces. Furnishings also play an important role in creating colour effects.

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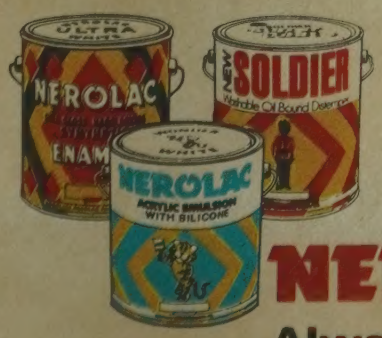


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